

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE MOST HIGHLY TRIED PREMIER: MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Dealing with the coal dispute, with the calling-up of Fleet and Army Reserves, and with the appeals to loyal citizens, the Premier said: "Coal is the foundation of industry, and to wreck the coal mines or to allow them to be ruined by flooding is to strike at the life of the whole body of citizens. It is accordingly the duty of the Government, as the trustee of the nation, to prevent this catastrophe. . . . Protection, and adequate protection, must be given to those who are engaged in preserving these vital assets of the community. No other course is open to us. The nation is, for the first time in its history, confronted by

an attempt to coerce it into capitulation by the destruction of its resources, and this menace is, apparently, now to be supplemented . . . by a concerted plan to suspend the transport services which are essential to the life of the country. Were that threat to materialise, the supply of food and other immediate necessities of life will be denied to all classes of the population unless volunteers come forward to carry on the minimum of transport work required to maintain the most essential national and municipal services. The Government propose to call for volunteers."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR ABLANALP.



OUR water-logged coal-pits and attendant happenings evoked from some back shelf of memory an old story for schoolboys. It was a tale of a scuttled ship, with a mutinous and drunken crew, too gloriously fuddled to leave the vessel their own action was sending to the bottom. They had raided the rum, and were so well pleased with the consequences that they resolved to stay where they were. One or two messmates managed to get out a boat, and as they pulled away over an oily sea reflecting a tropical sunset, they heard the suicide club on board strike up the chanty:—

The good ship *Porpoise*, we are told,
Has ten foot water in her hold.
Hurroo, hurroo, mirancy!

The song continued in a crescendo of hilarity until the ship went down to a last roar of "Hurroo, hurroo, mirancy."

To draw a parallel between those abandoned sailors and virtuous and down-trodden miners fighting for their legitimate rights would be a perversion of morality not to be endured by the heralds of freedom. Only capitalist scribes could trace any resemblance between the two cases, and it would be an outrageous piece of class prejudice to compare sober, industrious, and underpaid coal-getters on an enforced holiday with besotted mutineers who sought their own destruction to the tune of "Hurroo, hurroo, mirancy!" Avoiding odious personalities, therefore, one may be content to record an odd trick of mental association, and to note therewith an impersonal fact—the ominous rise of water in the hold of the Ship of State.

That good vessel is far from foundering, but it will cost a pretty penny to pump her out—a penny the owners are ill able to afford, especially at the present time. Here, it would seem, is a chance for the Hot Gospellers of Anti-waste to get in their fine work with a watchword made to their use. Waste we have had in superfluity, but nothing so radical as this accident to the mines. That it is the cry of emergency need not deter our counsellors, now that a "state of emergency" (odd phrase) has been proclaimed. That proclamation, by the way, did not have the electrical effect one expected, and the fault lay in the phrase itself. What, in the name of wonder, is "a state of emergency"? To proclaim with noble simplicity "the State is in danger," might conceivably have had some awakening effect. But your "state of emergency" leaves us, like Pet Marjorie's turkey-hen:

... More than usual calm
She did not give a single dam.

The public took the announcement without a thrill, and there followed no girding of loins. No Cicero arose with his *Quousque tandem, Catilina*. We merely read and got back to the old arid round of disputations, conferences, and cross-references. However, our propagandists may yet set the saving "stunt" going with one good word, germane to the occasion. They may risk the obvious for once with good heart and cry, "All hands to the pumps!"

The heart of the nation is sound. That was proved in the difficult days of the Railway Strike, when we had a glimpse of that elusive entity, "the Public," at its best. It is a creature not to be defined in words, but, at need, it becomes self-determinative—the negation of sectionalism. It is impatient of any section seeking self-aggrandisement at the general expense. In that

act it recognises treachery. Not formally organised, this public, in times of crisis, can act with spontaneous organic unity. How otherwise can we interpret the orderly army of workers, not extravagantly paid or pampered, that, in the absence of the usual conveyance, got to its job somehow, by hook or crook, in the last resort even on foot?

The Public visible in part during the troubles of September 1919 was the same body that won the war by its power of obstinate endurance. It took the measure of the foreign enemy, and, however slow and inarticulate it may be, it can equally well take the measure of an enemy at home. Infinitely tolerant, even to apparent apathy, it has a huge horse-sense of what is due to itself, and the moment the limits of fair play

for him. He is weary of strife, he has had a bellyful of fighting, war has cost him dear and will continue to cost him dear for the rest of his time; therefore he hopes, not unreasonably, to enjoy a little peace and such settlement as may be possible in the early years after upheaval. He knows that things cannot come right in a day, that much inconvenience has to be put up with in peace, just as he put up patiently with the greater inconveniences of war. But he considers it only the most modest of claims that hard times should not be made harder by those who should be shouldering the common burden. It is the more galling to the patient, silent man that the difficulties of the time are increased by those who have already secured the largest measure of the spoils of agitation. He does not cavil at those concessions, but it irks him that the beneficiaries should continually "from

ancient grudge break to new mutiny," and, having the power, should strike at the very springs of the national life. He sees in that the act of no sportsman, if not the act of a bully. And bullying is the very thing that will rouse him at length to the most obstinate resistance. That is the feeling of the noiseless thousands, in the City office by day, in the suburban garden at even-fall, those toilers individually of small account, but in the mass, once moved, a power that can sweep away selfish sectionalism by its united will. No need for "bronze Artillery officers" and whiffs of grape-shot, as when earlier Sections were blown away, mainly about the Church of Saint-Roch. A public that stands no nonsense, determined to stand no nonsense, can do the trick, without bloodshed.

Yet, apart from whiffs of grape-shot, most undesirable at this issue, there is a parallel or two between to-day and Oct. 5, 1795. "Sacred Insurrection once again: vessel of State labouring on the bar; and tumultuous seas all round her." Or again, "But now see how the contumacious Sections kick against the pricks... the truth is, long right of Insurrection has spoiled these men. In men spoiled by long right of Insurrection, what confused ferments will rise!" The hope and safety of 5th Vendémiaire was a man at the helm. That, too, is necessary; possibly already found and at his post. But he will prove effective only as the instrument of a Public, a People, not insurgent, but quietly resolute and law-abiding. The man who will get us out of this pickle must rise to the height of the great argument, and, putting huckstering compromise aside, vindicate the Nation's right to live and to go unmolested about its lawful occasions.

Vague proclamations of "a state of emergency" might cut little ice, but it was only necessary to take action implying that the State was in danger to rally that solid backing of national opinion on which a leader had a right to count. With that he could proceed confidently to frame measures of public safety, holding himself ready, in case of need, to point to any traitor and ask, "*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?*"

J. D. S.

One or two of our readers seem to have misunderstood our motive in publishing the articles by M. Ludovic Naudeau, "*The Irish Problem Through French Eyes*." As we stated at the beginning of each of the articles, they were from our *Paris contemporary*, "*L'Illustration*," and were given in our pages merely to show a typical case of how the Irish problem is presented to the French public; and not as an expression of our editorial opinion.



BRINGING HIS BRIDE HOME IN THE TRADITIONAL WAY: LORD MINTO CARRYING HIS WIFE INTO HIS HOUSE ON THEIR RETURN TO ENGLAND.

The Earl of Minto, who was recently married in Canada to Miss Marion Cook, brought his wife back to his ancestral home last week, and followed out the old custom which decrees that a bridegroom must carry his bride over the threshold of her new home. The custom is said to be a relic of the old Border runaway marriages. Our photograph shows Lord Minto carrying Lady Minto into the house.—[Photograph by P.P.P.]

have been transgressed, it becomes a force very perilous to the transgressor. The saving quality of the British Public lies in the fact that it is the greatest of all sportsmen, and therefore it has a short way with welchers of every kind. It is so big that no individual can realise or visualise the mass in its entirety; hence the error of inflated agitators, who in these last days have shown themselves so empty of humour or sense of proportion as to claim that the sections they represent, or misrepresent, constitute the only public that matters. These claimants "think the rustic cackle of their bourg the murmur of the world."

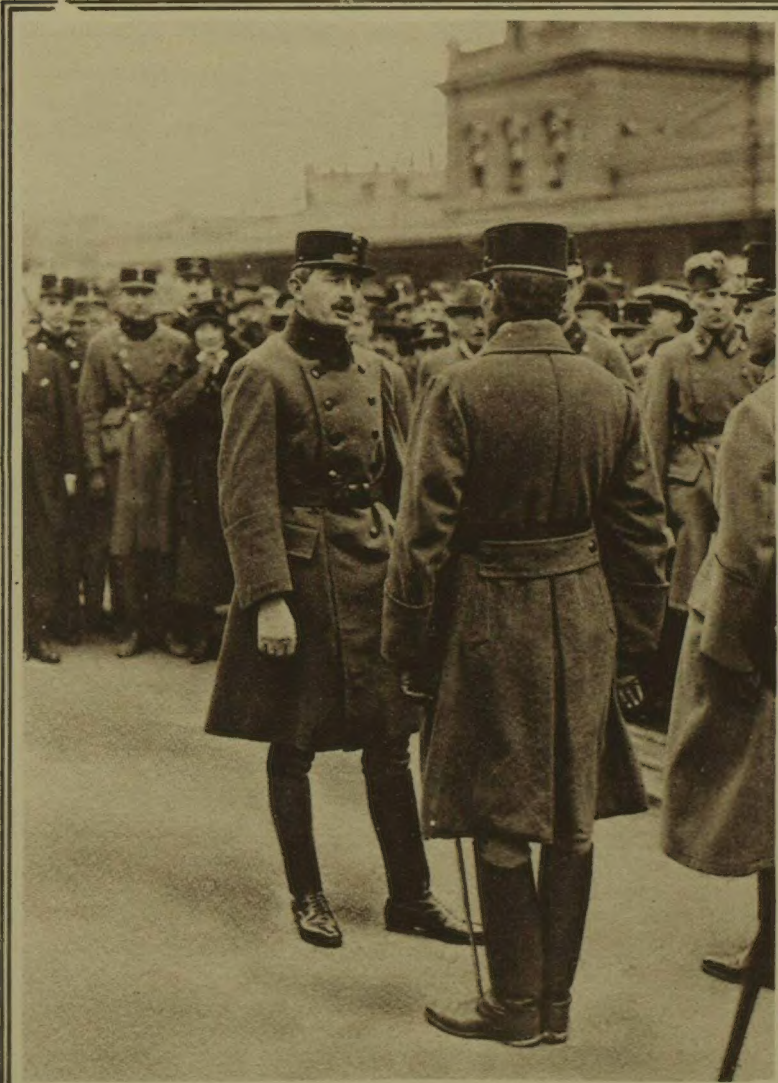
The Man in the Street is not to be hustled, still less is he to be intimidated. He may not be a very advanced thinker, or even a thinker at all, in the opinion of neurotic reformers with a smattering of hazy political philosophies. But he has one conviction, he wants to get on with his job. Possibly it may not be a very great or a very lucrative job, but it is his livelihood and the livelihood of his wife and children, the centre of life

EX-EMPEROR KARL'S FAILURE: THE REJECTED OF HUNGARY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.



LEAVING THE FRONTIER TOWN OF STEINAMANGER AFTER THE FAILURE OF HIS ATTEMPT TO REGAIN THE THRONE OF HUNGARY: THE EX-EMPEROR KARL (EXTREME RIGHT) IN HIS SPECIAL TRAIN RECEIVING THE FAREWELLS OF HIS ADHERENTS.



AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT DEBATE WHETHER TO MARCH ON BUDAPEST: THE DEPARTING EX-EMPEROR WITH HUNGARIAN OFFICERS.

After his unsuccessful attempt to regain the throne of Hungary and persuade the Regent, Admiral Horthy, to relinquish his powers, the ex-Emperor Karl retired to the town of Steinamanger, on the Austro-Hungarian frontier, once the capital of the old Roman province of Pannonia. There he discussed with his adherents, including Count Julius Andrássy and Colonel Lehar, brother of the composer of "The Merry Widow," whether he should make an armed attempt and march on Budapest with the troops who supported him. After an all-night debate, he was



RECEIVING THE HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT'S AMNESTY FOR OFFICERS WHO ASSISTED HIM: THE EX-EMPEROR KARL IN HIS SPECIAL TRAIN.

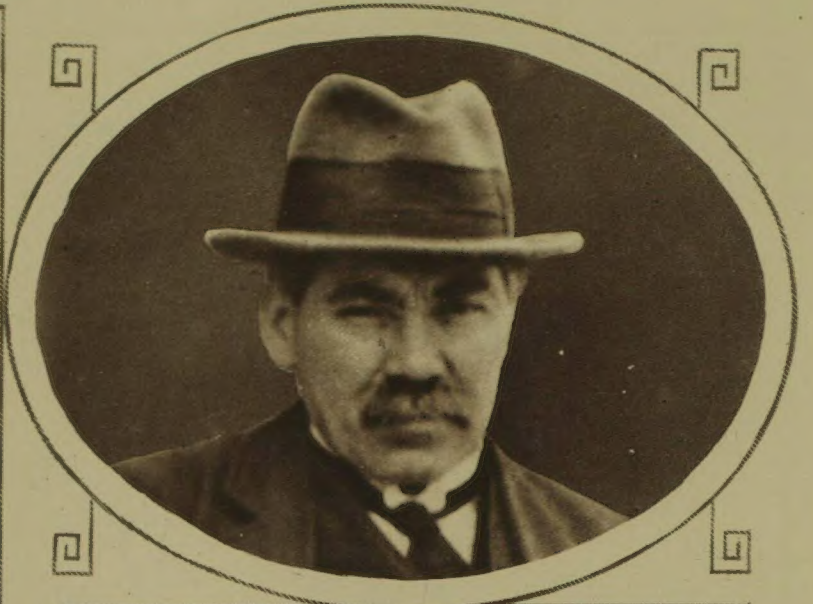
finally dissuaded, and left Steinamanger in a special train at 10.45 a.m. on April 5 on his return journey to Switzerland. In a proclamation he declared that he left because "I have satisfied myself that the resumption of my Apostolic Kingship right to rule would expose the nation, at the present moment, to intolerable ordeals." The Swiss Government permitted his return only on several strict conditions, among them the avoidance of "all political activities." He went to Lucerne and stayed, under close surveillance, at the National Hotel.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VOIGT, HARRATT, BASIL, AND LAFAYETTE.



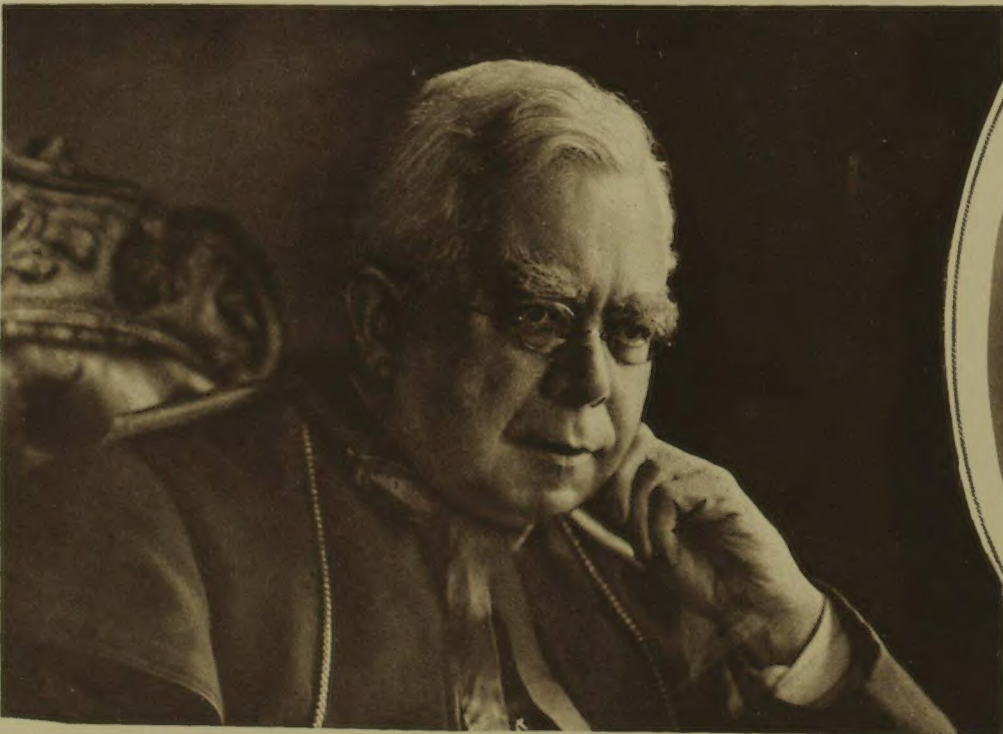
A MUCH-TRIED EMPRESS: THE LATE EX-KAISERIN, WHO DIED IN EXILE ON APRIL 11.



A NEW PERSONALITY IN THE LABOUR WORLD: MR. DUNCAN GRAHAM, M.P., THE MINERS' SPOKESMAN.



AUTHOR OF A BOOK OF DARING WAR "REVELATIONS": CAPTAIN PETER E. WRIGHT.



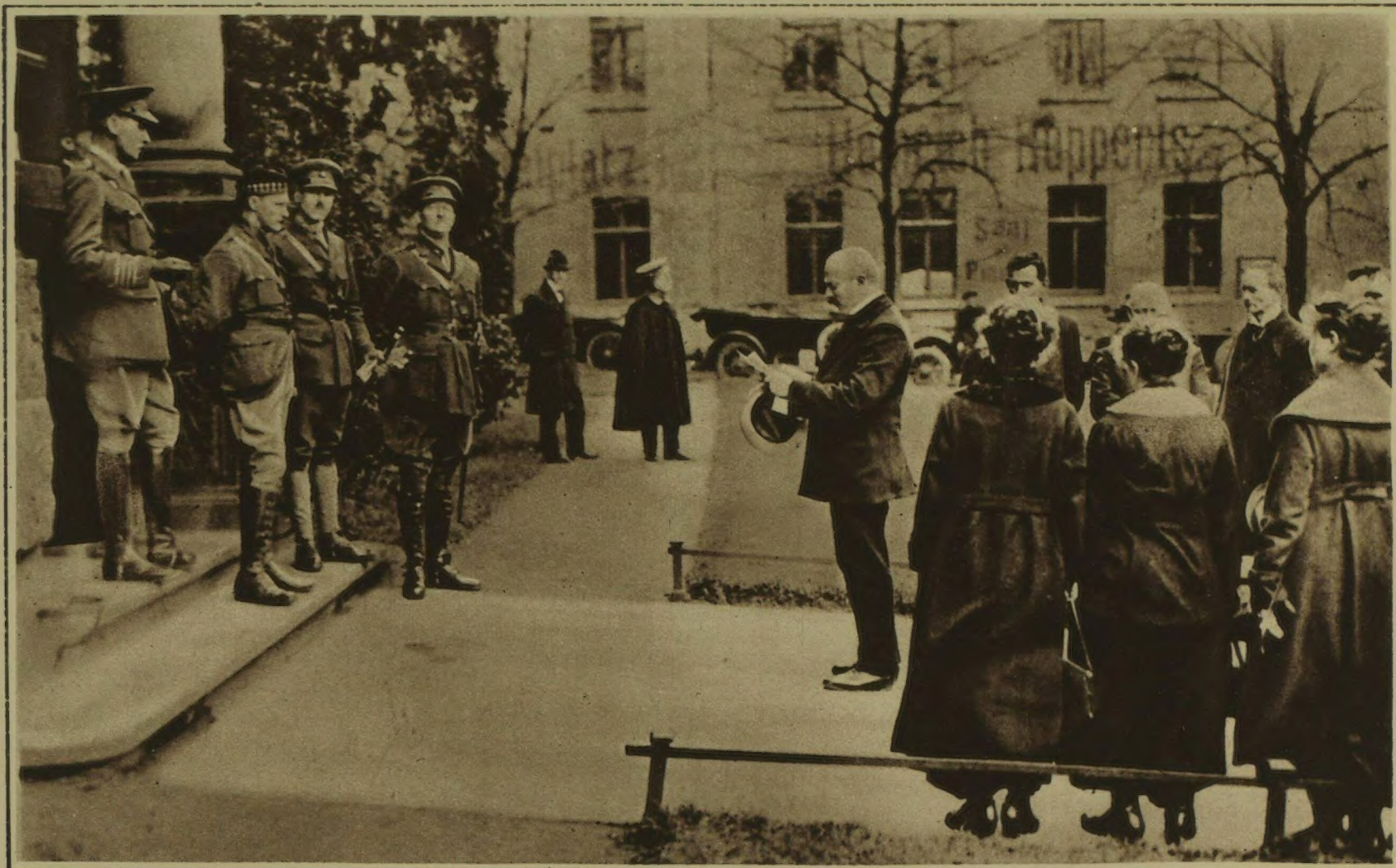
A POWER IN IRISH POLITICS: THE LATE MOST REV. WILLIAM WALSH, ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.



APPOINTED TO COMMAND THE METROPOLITAN AREA DURING THE COAL CRISIS: LORD CAVAN.

The Ex-Kaiserin died at Doorn, where she shared her husband's exile, on the morning of April 11. She was the daughter of Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, and her marriage to the Ex-Kaiser (then Prince William of Prussia) took place on February 14, 1880.—Mr. Duncan Graham, M.P. for Hamilton, suddenly emerged as a champion of the miners during the coal crisis, and as their spokesman in the House encountered the Premier in argument. Mr. Graham has been a working miner himself, and is self-educated. He was formerly political agent of the Scottish Miners' Federation.—Captain Peter Wright's new book, "At the Supreme War Council," with its revelations

and strong criticism of Allied leaders, has caused much discussion. He was Assistant Secretary to the Supreme War Council at Versailles in the winter of 1917-18.—The Most Rev. William John Walsh, D.D., Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, died on April 9, aged 80. He had long been a power in Irish politics, and sympathised with Sinn Fein. He was one of the witnesses before the Parnell Commission in 1888-9.—It was announced on April 11 that Lord Cavan had been appointed to command the London District and Aldershot, and as General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Metropolitan Area, during the present emergency, would have his headquarters at the Horse Guards.

Where Rumour Said a Rising had Occurred: In Rhineland—A German Apology.

ASSERTING BRITISH DIGNITY ON THE RHINE: THE BURGOMASTER OF WALD READING A PUBLIC APOLOGY TO BRITISH OFFICERS FOR INSULTS TO WHICH THEY WERE SUBJECTED DURING COMMUNIST DISTURBANCES.

During the formation of the new Defence Units for protective work in case of a strike, reports were spread near the recruiting offices, in order to dissuade men from joining, that a German rising had occurred on the Rhine. These rumours were denied on April 11 by the Secretary for War, Sir L. Worthington Evans, who said: "As far as I am aware, there is no German rising, and British troops

on the Rhine have not come into any conflict with the Germans." In the recent Communist disturbances at Wald, near Solingen and Elberfeld, some British officers were insulted. Afterwards the Burgomaster of Wald read a public apology to them, as shown in our photograph. Captain Lawson, one of the officers, and others were present.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.]

Egypt's Welcome to Zaghlul Pasha: Woman's Share in the National Rejoicings.

WEARING THE BARKU' (VEIL): EGYPTIAN WOMEN WALKING IN A PROCESSION IN HONOUR OF THE RETURN OF ZAGHLUL PASHA, HEAD OF THE DELEGATION TO LONDON.

Both at Alexandria, where he landed on April 4 on his return from Europe, and at Cairo on the following day, Zaghlul Pasha, the leader of the Egyptian delegates to London, received a popular welcome of indescribable enthusiasm. It was through his deliberations with Lord Milner, resulting in the Milner Report, that decisions as to the constitution of Egypt were reached that point to a new era of independence for that country. At Alexandria he said he had returned to discuss

with the Cabinet the results of his mission. Women, wearing the long veil (barku'), of white muslin, were prominent in the procession that hailed Zaghlul's arrival at Cairo, and his wife rode at its head in a flower-decked car. "Everywhere," writes an eye-witness, "could be heard the *zaghareet*, the shrill throat-cry of the women, expressive equally of exquisite pain or intense pleasure, but in this instance unmistakably the latter."—[PHOTOGRAPH BY G.P.A.]

PHASES OF THE COAL CRISIS: MINERS AND OWNERS AT THE CONFERENCE; WOMEN VOLUNTEERS; TROOPS AND SAILORS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., I.B., PHOTOGRAPHY, C.N., TOPICAL, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



A RANK-AND-FILE "CONFERENCE": A MINERS' MEETING AT NEATH, TO OPPOSE PUMPING AT THE MAIN COLLIERIES.



THE COAL-OWNERS' LEADER: MR. EVAN WILLIAMS, PRESIDENT OF THE MINING ASSOCIATION.



WOMEN AGAIN TO THE FORTH FOR NATIONAL WORK: VOLUNTEERS ENROLLING IN LONDON.



HOW THE PRICE OF COAL AFFECTS THE POOR: AN OLD WOMAN IN A BIRMINGHAM STREET UNDER REPAIR SEARCHING FOR FUEL.



MINERS' LEADERS AT THE CONFERENCE: (ON THE LEFT) MR. ROBERT SHIRKIE AND (ON THE RIGHT) MR. DUNCAN GRAHAM, M.P., THEIR PARLIAMENTARY SPOKESMAN.



HEADED BY THEIR BAND: A PROCESSION OF WATTS TOWN PITS TO DEMAND THE WITHDRAWAL OF PUMP-MEN.



SOUTH WALES MINERS MARCHING TO THE WITHDRAWAL OF PUMP-MEN.



THE EMPLOYERS' SIDE AT THE BOARD OF TRADE CONFERENCE IN LONDON: FOUR OF THE MINE-OWNERS WHO ATTENDED IT.



MILITARY PRECAUTIONS TO PROTECT ESSENTIAL SERVICES IN CASE OF A STRIKE: GUARDS MARCHING TO KENSINGTON GARDENS.



LABOUR ADVISER TO THE MINES DEPARTMENT: MR. W. BRACE, M.P. (ON THE LEFT).



LABOUR AND CAPITAL IN PRIVATE "CONFERENCE": (L. TO R.) MR. R. SHIRKIE AND SIR ADAM NIMMO.



THE ADMIRALTY'S EMERGENCY CALL: NAVAL RATINGS FROM PORTSMOUTH ON THE MARCH THROUGH LONDON ON APRIL 9.

Important phases in the coal crisis are represented in the above illustrations. The formation of special Defence Units was announced by the Prime Minister in Parliament on April 8, and during the week-end and later there was a great response to the call for enrolment. Numbers of women also signed on for volunteer service. Royal Proclamations were issued on the same date calling out Class B of the Royal Fleet Reserve, the Army Reserve, and the Air Force Reserve, and continuing soldiers and airmen in service. In London Guards encamped in Kensington Gardens. The War Office deprecated any suggestions that troops were to be used for strike-breaking purposes, pointing out that their function was to aid the civil power in preserving the public peace and maintaining essential services. On April 11 Mr. Lloyd George presided over a conference between

representatives of the miners and the mine-owners respectively at the Board of Trade. The owners' case was stated by Mr. Evan Williams, President of the Mining Association, and that of the Miners by Mr. Frank Hodges, Secretary of the Miners' Federation. Further meetings took place on the 12th, on the evening of which day the Triple Alliance had announced a strike to take place unless meantime an acceptable offer had been made to the miners. Mr. Robert Shirkie represents the National Federation of Colliery Enginemen and Boilermen. Mr. Duncan Graham, M.P., whose portrait also appears on another page, is General Secretary of the Lanarkshire Miners' Union. Mr. William Brace, M.P., is Labour Adviser to the Mines Department. Sir Adam Nimmo is Vice-President of the Mining Association, and Director of the Fife Coal Company.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

"I APPROVE," wrote the great Lord Bolingbroke, "the discourse of a studious man at Christ Church, who was overheard in his oratory entering

into a detail with God, and acknowledging the divine goodness in furnishing the world with makers of dictionaries." All intelligent students of English will concur with his lordship's observation, and ask that a special measure of happiness be vouchsafed to those scholars, hods-men of literature though they be, who, in Dr. Birkbeck Hill's words, "bear burdens with patience and beat the track of the alphabet with sluggish resolution." Our gratitude is due to the late Sir James Murray and his many coadjutors, living or dead, who have carried to completion (temporary) the monumental Oxford Dictionary. The last volume appeared two weeks ago, the final word being "zyxst" (Kentish dialect for "Thou

regions where prehistoric roots can be dug up and "conjectural primitive Teutonic word-forms" flutter and gibber past, but for the intelligent person who takes an educated interest in the origin and history of words. In the fulfilment of this high intention he has produced the most complete work of the kind in the language, and one that has as much personality in it, and far more wit and humour than Johnson's famous "Dixionary," which, be it remembered in passing, has given birth to errors that still survive in the cheaper lexicons of English. Professor Weekley has included the new terms that arose out of the Great War, only a small proportion of which are likely to resist the process of demobilisation of war-words now going on. And the Anglo-Indian vocabulary of the British Army is so abundantly represented that foreign translators of Mr. Kipling's stories, which are just now being transmuted into a variety of tongues, will find there the solutions of many brain-racking puzzles.

exotic types and esoteric clashes of character.

But he could have enforced his moral that the war has weakened the moral fibre of every class, even that which held by the adage *noblesse oblige*, without the sordid catastrophe of the false pearls and its squalid sequel.

The "EDUCATION OF ERIC LANE" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d. net), by Stephen McKenna, once more brings the Sonia set on the stage, and there is a speed and concentration in the narrative which were lacking in some of the stories preceding.



A GREAT FRENCH NOVELIST WHOSE CENTENARY OCCURS THIS YEAR: GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

Gustave Flaubert was born at Rouen on December 12, 1821, and died at Croisset, near that city, on May 8, 1880. His chief work, "Madame Bovary," appeared in 1857.

Photograph by Nadar (Paris); Supplied by Augustin Rischgitz.

Lady Barbara Neave is in the limelight once again, and there is no denying that Mr. McKenna has a profound insight into the personality of such priestesses of the art of living by impulse, controlled only by a sense of artistry, who give us, after all, something that conventional beauty is incapable of. When we are as old and profoundly civilised as the Japanese, they may come to form a Geisha caste—who knows? In "THE PATH OF THE KING" (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d. net), Mr. John Buchan regains his best adventurous method in a development of the "Milestones" idea, which shows us how, in successive generations or re-incarnations, beginning in the far-off days of the Vikings, the spark of virile initiative smoulders under the ashes of family history, and at intervals flares up in a bright living flame to warm the world. The British Empire, after all, is from first to last an epic of the works and days of younger sons.

Two biographies, one very much to my taste, and the other utterly repugnant, have lately appeared. The kind of memoir that seems to me entirely detestable is "THE INTIMATE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT" (A. and C. Black; 10s. 6d. net), by Archibald Stalker, who has the impudence to assert that Scott's "long poems are uninspired," and that "people after a hundred years have admitted the truth of the opinion" that his "method of writing was apt to become intolerable." Then, insisting that the reticence of such gentlemen, by nature's right divine and social status alike, as the "Shirra" was only a passing characteristic of his generation, this Mr. Stalker proceeds to stalk his noble quarry down into all kinds of secret places where Lockhart would never have deigned to turn his eyes. The master-passion of Sir Walter—a noble enthusiasm for goodness and beauty—escapes this raker in the dust-heaps of bygone circumstance.

It is a relief to turn to "QUEEN VICTORIA" (Chatto and Windus; 15s. net), by Lytton Strachey, whose keen and flashing *gauloiserie* changes to a summer lightning of tender humour as he contemplates the life and love and unrelaxing labours of the great Queen who is still for us—who can yet deplore the German sympathies of the early Victorian Court—the shadow of a glorious name, perhaps the symbol of the happy climax of our national history. Mr. Strachey sees in her absolute sincerity the strongest trait of a strangely impressive character—appositely quoting the Lady Lyttelton who knew her so well: "There is a transparency in her truth that is very striking." Her people at home and beyond the seas felt her absolute truthfulness, saw the beauty of it, and wisely made her an ideal of queenship, as an elder generation made of Elizabeth, that celestial virago, an idol unto themselves.

Of some twenty novels read during the last three weeks, to cure a stubborn attack of *accidie* (Dante's name for Mr. Kipling's "cameelious hump"), three have left a distinct impression. In "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIME" (Cassell; 8s. 6d. net), Mr. Robert Hichens is not at his best; but in his analysis of the muted passion (the pathetic appeal of Last Love) of Derrick, his hero, for the Princess Aranensky, he proves himself still an adept in the psychology—or pathology—of



ANDREW MARVELL'S LONDON HOME UNDER THE COMMONWEALTH: HIS HOUSE AT HIGHGATE (SINCE DESTROYED), AS IT WAS IN 1858.

The house at Highgate where Andrew Marvell lived when, in 1657, he became Milton's assistant in the Latin (or Foreign) Secretaryship under Cromwell, was pulled down in 1869. The site is part of Waterlow Park, and is marked by a tablet in the garden wall of Lauderdale House. Marvell's grave is at St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

From a Water-Colour by J. W. Archer, 1858. Photograph Supplied by Augustin Rischgitz.



A FAMOUS POET, SATIRIST, AND POLITICIAN WHOSE TERCENTENARY WAS RECENTLY CELEBRATED: ANDREW MARVELL.

Andrew Marvell was born at Hull on March 31, 1621. In 1660 he was returned to Parliament as Member for his native town, which he represented till his death in 1678.

From a Picture in the Trinity House at Hull. Photograph Supplied by Augustin Rischgitz.

seest"), which would have been a heaven-sent boon to persons labouring at the silly task of getting all the letters of the alphabet into the shortest possible sentence. As a matter of fact, this vast lexicon can never be finally finished, for the English language is a living, fertile thing, reflecting in its changes and additions all the many radio-activities of the peoples who speak it. The invention of new words—slang that insists on being accepted and ennobled, so to speak, and the ever-extending terminology of science built up of Greek elements for the most part—is so rapid and continuous in our eclectic tongue, which is the nearest thing to a universal language in the modern world, that a Supplement to the Oxford Dictionary will be necessary once every ten years, at least.

In the same week that saw the appearance of the last volume of this Oxford monument of learning was published "AN ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH" (John Murray; 42s. net), by Ernest Weekley, M.A., which is an admirable example of our national humanism—that rare and ripe quality which enables English scholars, unlike the Teuton philologist, to be exact and erudite without ever lapsing into dryasdust dullness. Just as every integral number could be called a personal friend of a famous Hindu mathematician at Cambridge—a wanderer in the weird jungle of numbers, and well skilled at tracking down the elusive prime—so it may be said that Professor Weekley knows the life history and private peculiarities of every English word. He makes etymology a lively and fascinating sport, inviting us to watch words on their travels in time and space, and the way their significance changes with a change in their surroundings. Professor Weekley's Dictionary is intended, not for those who like to roam in the dim and rather dismal

IN CASE OF A STRIKE: LOYAL CITIZENS JOIN THE DEFENCE UNITS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, TOPICAL, ILLUS. BUREAU, AND S. AND G.



AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE 8TH MANCHESTERS (T): PUTTING UP THE PROCLAMATION CALLING FOR VOLUNTEERS FOR THE DEFENCE UNITS.



THE MAJORITY OF THEM EX-OFFICERS: VOLUNTEERS OFFERING THEIR SERVICES AT THE WAR OFFICE, FOR DUTY IN THE EVENT OF THE THREATENED STRIKE MATURING.

THE call for volunteers for the Defence Units contained the following:

1. A Proclamation having been issued calling out the Army Reserve for permanent service, loyal citizens, including those serving in the Territorial Force, except those—(a) belonging to any other branch of his Majesty's Service, (b) employed on Government service, (c) serving with the Police forces, who are capable of bearing arms and between the ages of 18 and 40 (except officers), are invited to report to the nearest Territorial drill hall for the purpose of being commissioned or attested for temporary military service,

[Continued opposite.]



WAITING TO ENLIST IN THE NEW DEFENCE UNITS: A QUEUE OF APPLICANTS AT THE CENTRAL LONDON RECRUITING DEPOT, NEW SCOTLAND YARD.

[Continued.]

not exceeding ninety days, with the Regular Army in new units to be created, called "defence units," for service in England, Scotland, and Wales only.

2. The number of new units at present to be formed is limited; consequently, preference will be given as far as possible to men with military experience and technical qualifications, such as ex-soldiers, ex-airmen, and serving Territorial soldiers.

3. Loyal citizens, on presenting themselves at a Territorial drill hall, will be informed of the conditions, and either be attested at once or asked to register their names and addresses.



VOLUNTEERS FOR THE DEFENCE UNITS: PASSING THE DOCTOR—A SCENE SUGGESTING GREAT WAR RECRUITING.

As soon as a "Triple Alliance" strike became possible, various precautionary measures were taken by the Government, and proclamations were issued for calling out men of Class B of the Royal Fleet Reserve, for calling out the Army Reserve, for continuing soldiers in Army service, for calling out the Air Force Reserve, and for continuing airmen in the Air Force service. Appeals were also made for Special Constables to join the Reserves of the Special Constabulary,



IN THE CITY: ENROLLING VOLUNTEERS FOR THE 5TH LONDON REGIMENT DEFENCE UNIT.

and, especially, for loyal citizens capable of bearing arms and between the ages of 18 and 40 (except officers) to attest for temporary military service in a force to be called Defence Units. In every case the response was excellent, and it was noticeable how large a proportion of young men volunteered. The length of service was fixed as not exceeding ninety days. It was made clear that these forces were intended only for protective purposes, not strike-breaking.

ALL BUT TWO SAVED: PIT PONIES RAISED FROM DESERTED MINES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., TOPICAL, AND L.N.A.



DUMB "MINERS," TO WHOM A STOPPAGE MEANS A DELIGHTFUL HOLIDAY: PIT PONIES BATHING AND GRAZING AT A WELSH FARM DURING THE COAL DISPUTE.



RAISED TO THE UNACCUSTOMED LIGHT OF DAY: PIT PONIES BROUGHT OUT OF A DERBYSHIRE COAL MINE.

AT an early stage of the crisis, the Prime Minister made special reference in Parliament to the question of the pit ponies. "It is essential," Mr. Lloyd George said on April 5, "that the Miners' Federation should give every facility and assistance to prevent the pits from being destroyed during the discussions, and also to save the lives of those poor dumb animals which, in a few cases, I am sorry to say, are at the present moment, under horrible conditions, being allowed to remain down." At that point in the Premier's speech another Member said: "A statement has been made that that has been put right."



AN OPPORTUNITY FOR RE-SHOEING: PIT PONIES BROUGHT TO THE SURFACE AT CLIFTON COLLIERY, NOTTINGHAM.



AFTER BEING DOWN BELOW SINCE 1913: PIT PONIES FROM A YORKSHIRE MINE ENJOYING A HOLIDAY.

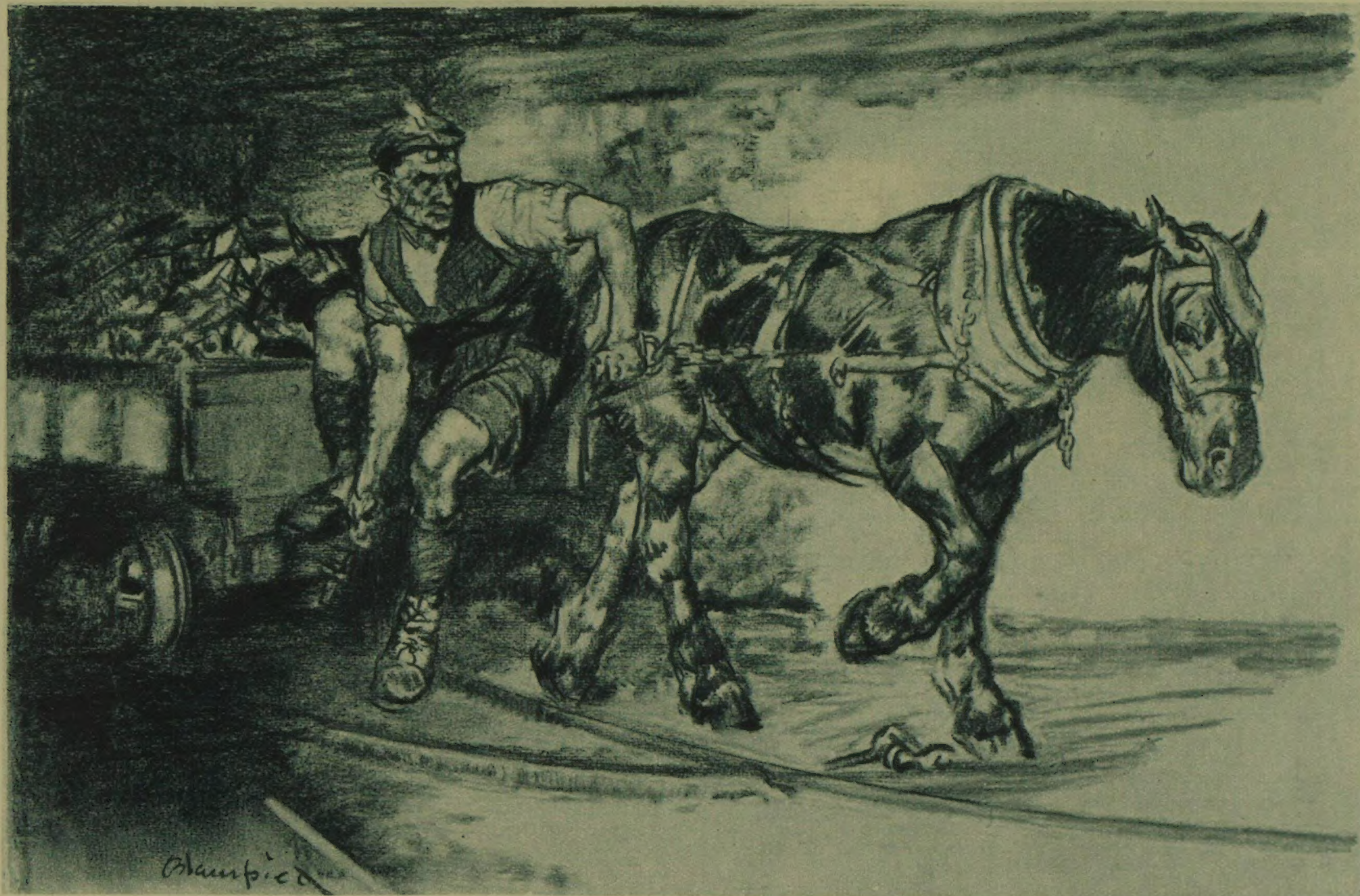
It was feared at first that a number of pit ponies in the coal-mines, particularly in Scotland, had not been brought to the surface soon enough to save them from the floods caused by the stoppage of pumping operations. The Secretary of Mines (Mr. Bridgeman) stated in the House on April 6 that "all horses which cannot for the present be left below ground in safety, and fed and attended there, have by now been withdrawn from the mines, except two horses at the Leven Collieries, Fife. . . . So far as I am aware, no pit ponies have been lost in the

mines. . . . The Miners' Federation have promised to take action for the safety of ponies." The Miners' Executive stated on the same day: "It is no part of our policy to allow pit ponies to be left to their fate in the mines, and our people will co-operate with the managers to raise all pit ponies to the surface." A miners' delegate said: "If you were to come back to Northumberland to-morrow, you would see all the ponies scampering about the fields, having a grand time, and that is true of other districts." The R.S.P.C.A. stated on the

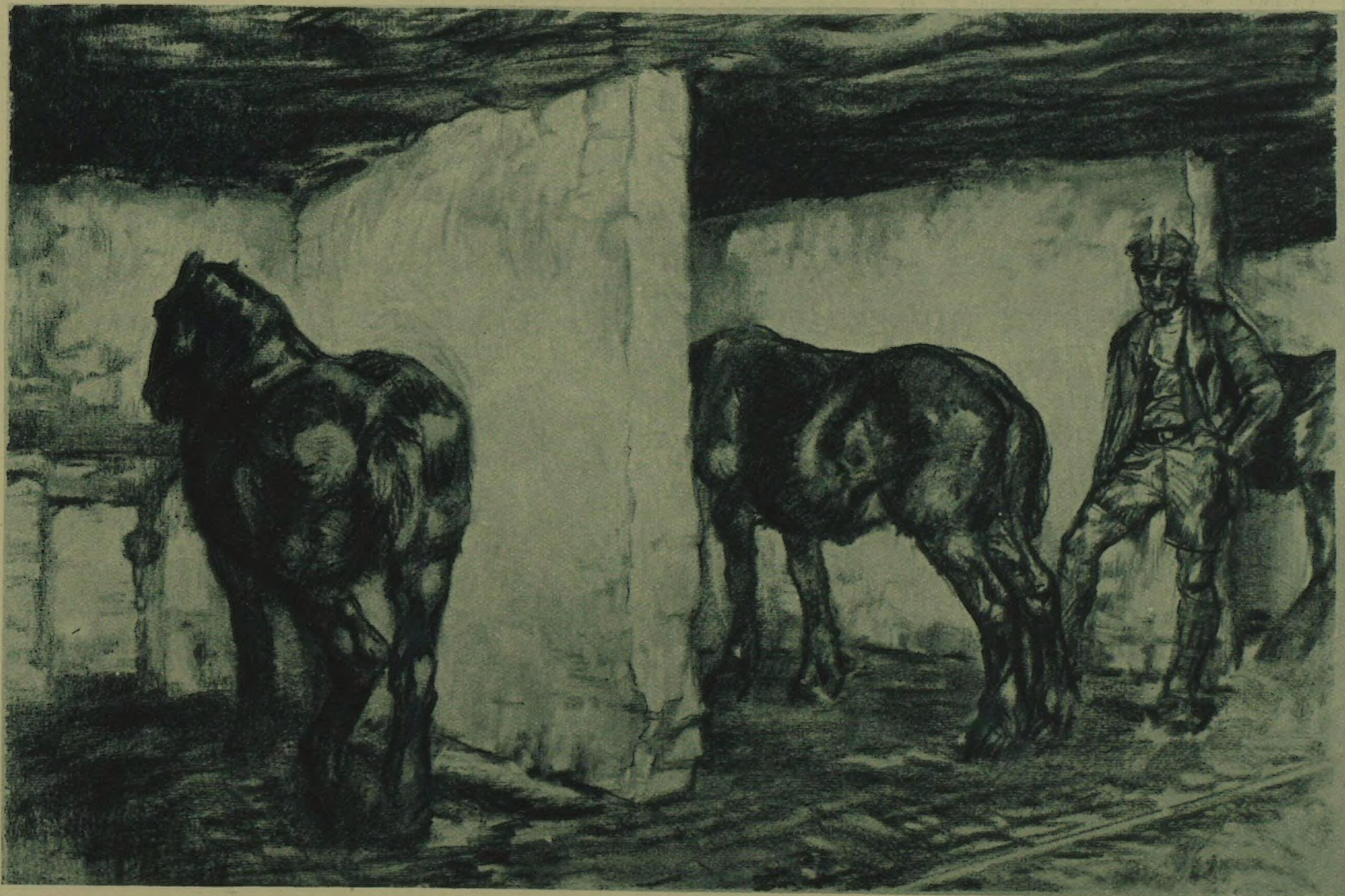
(Continued opposite.)

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE" IN THE COAL DISPUTE: PIT PONIES.

DRAWINGS BY E. BLAMPED.



THE FOUR-FOOTED "MINER" WHO NEVER STRIKES: A PIT PONY AT WORK—SHOWING THE DRIVER'S PECULIAR ATTITUDE TO AVOID KNOCKING HIS HEAD AGAINST PROJECTIONS FROM THE LOW ROOF.



NOT WORRYING ABOUT WAGES AS LONG AS THE MANGER IS FULL: PIT PONIES IN THEIR UNDERGROUND STABLES—ANIMALS WHOSE FATE WAS A MATTER OF ANXIOUS CONCERN WHEN THE PUMPS WERE STOPPED.

Continued.

gth that the only casualties had been at Leven, Fife, where two ponies had to be abandoned. So far as the Society knew, all ponies in English and Welsh mines had been brought up. The failure to raise the two ponies at Leven is said to have been due to the presence of a crowd at the pit-head. Directly the coal dispute began, the R.S.P.C.A. circularised its inspectors throughout England and Wales, urging that everything possible should be done to secure the safety

of the ponies. The Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the National Pony Society, and Our Dumb Friends' League also took an active interest in the matter. There is no reason to believe, however, that the miners themselves were indifferent to the welfare of the ponies who share their toil. The miner in general has the reputation of being a good sportsman, and a man "merciful to his beast."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

INTERNATIONAL SPORT: FRANCO-IRISH "RUGGER"; POLO; "SOCCER."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND PHOTOPRESS.



VICTORIOUS OVER IRELAND BY FOUR GOALS TO TWO, AND BRACKETED SECOND WITH WALES: THE FRENCH RUGBY TEAM.



BEATEN BY FRANCE, ON THE COLOMBES GROUND IN PARIS, BY FOUR GOALS TO TWO: THE IRISH RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.



CANDIDATES FOR THE BRITISH INTERNATIONAL POLO TEAM: (L. TO R.) STANDING—COLONEL MELVILLE, LORD DALMENY, LORD WODEHOUSE, COLONEL BROWN; (CENTRE) COLONEL HUNTER AND MAJOR LOCKETT; (FRONT) COLONEL TOMKINSON.



VICTORIOUS OVER ENGLAND BY THREE GOALS TO NONE: THE SCOTTISH ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM.



BEATEN BY SCOTLAND IN THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH AT GLASGOW: THE ENGLISH "SOCCER" TEAM.

The French have taken very kindly to Rugby football, and are coming on very fast at the game. France beat Ireland in the international match on the Colombes ground in Paris on April 9 by four goals (20 points) to two goals (10 points). Thus for the first time France is second (bracketed with Wales) among the international teams.—The British team for the international polo matches at Hurlingham in June has not yet been chosen. Three players regarded as certainties are Col. H. A. Tomkinson (at present commanding the Royals), Lord Wodehouse,

and Major Vivian Lockett. The choice for the fourth member of the team (to be No. 2) is said to rest between Lord Dalmeny and Capt. A. H. Williams, of the Central India Horse, who has a great reputation as a polo-player in India.—The international "Soccer" match between Scotland and England, played at Hampden Park, Glasgow, on April 9, resulted in a win for Scotland by three goals to none. There were about 100,000 spectators, and the gate-money and sale of tickets totalled some £14,000.

SUPPING AT A CYCLE-RACE: SOCIETY AND A SIX-DAYS CONTEST.

DRAWN BY RENÉ LELONG.



A NEW DAY-AND-NIGHT SPORTING ATTRACTION FOR FASHIONABLE PARIS: THE "SIX JOURS," A "PUSH-BIKE" CONTEST AT THE VÉLODROME D'HIVER—SUPPER ON THE LAWN.

Perhaps in view of a possible stoppage of transport facilities, the "bike" is coming into its own again. It is also regaining popularity in France. Describing the scene illustrated, a Paris writer says: "The cycling contest called the 'Six Days' took place last week at the Vélodrome d'Hiver. This sporting trial comes to us from America. It was, in fact, in the United States that the idea first arose of putting on the track during 144 consecutive hours a number of vigorous young men and totalling the kilometres they would succeed in covering. This match,

uninterrupted for six days and six nights, would be monotonous enough if the public did not give it a touch of the picturesque. From morn to eve and eve to morn the Vélodrome d'Hiver was never empty. . . . After the theatres a different public arrived. Men and women in evening dress took their seats beside the track, on what would be the lawn of a race-course, where supper-tables were arranged and champagne flowed. They reached the spot by an underground passage beneath the track."

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

IT is a delightful, and at the same time a serious, task for the art critic to determine among a series of sales what is and what is not worthy of commendation. There are fashionable prejudices and predilections to be reckoned with. But the critic has his own inner judgment apart from what happens to be the vogue. He loves many things, and possibly to him art is spelt with a capital A.



PROBABLY A WINE-CISTERN (SEE END OF ARTICLE): A SO-CALLED GEORGE II. "TEA-URN," BY PETER ARCHAMBO, 1728.

The tea-urn here illustrated is a lot in the Grey sale of old English silver at Christie's, on the 20th. Like the wine-cistern below, its handles are in the form of boars (the Warrington supporters). The cover is surmounted by an Earl's coronet.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

But he is in a mart where dealers spell art with three letters—*£ s. d.* That is the difference. But Art wins in the end.

At Messrs. Christie's, on the 8th, old pictures, the property of the Right Hon. Lord Ravensworth and of the late Rev. J. F. W. Woodyear, were offered. Two Snyders with dead game, fruit, and lobster, and a J. Weenix with dog and dead game, were all larger subjects from the former collection. A Reynolds portrait group of a musical subject is believed to have been painted in 1751 in Rome. Other interesting items included a pair of oval portraits of William Oliver Jones and his wife, a pastel by J. L. E. Liotard, a pair of oval portraits (lady and gentleman) by N. Dance, and another pair by Hone, and J. Wright had a portrait of a lady. A set of four coursing subjects by F. Sartorius was noticeable; a minor Raeburn portrait was that of the Edinburgh doctor, James Hamilton; and by Stuart were portraits of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas O'Grady of Kilballyowen.

English, Continental, and Oriental porcelain, and a collection of old English wine-glasses, were

sold by Messrs. Sotheby on the 13th and 14th. The property of Sir Edmund Trelawny, Bt., included a set of the Eight Immortals in Chinese porcelain of the Ming period. The order is this: Chung-li K'uan holding a fan; Chung Kwoh with a bamboo tube, with sticks to beat it; Liu Tung-pin with a fly-switch and sword; Ts'ao Kwoh-K'iu with castanets; Li T'ieh-Kwai holding a gourd; Han Siang Ts'ze with a flute; Lan Ts'ai-ho, a female holding a basket of flowers; and Ho Sien-Ku, a female holding a lotus-flower. These are the eight immortals, of which two are, strange to say, female. A complete set of the eighteen Lohan or disciples of Buddha in Chinese porcelain is in contradistinction to the above, which are some 12 inches high—only 1½ to 2 1/8 inches high, all seated, holding various emblems. It is incumbent upon us as a World Power to know more of Chinese art than we do. German scholarship has been intense in the Far East. Chinese gentlemen are at our universities at Hong Kong and at Oxford, and we should stretch out hands to assimilate the wondrous symbolism of the Far East.

In the same sale a Chelsea sweetmeat-dish in white, with shell decoration, was incised with the date 1760, and won acclamation. But in regard to Chinese art, what a poor comparison! In national art we find a Bristol hard-paste sweetmeat-stand, and a finely decorated vase and a tea-service, that is a replica of the Chinese paste only attempted at Bristol and Plymouth. The vase claimed the greatest respect.

Messrs. Christie offered on the 14th decorative furniture and tapestry, including four Chippendale chairs and six Dutch marqueterie chairs, the property of Sir Harry Verney, Bt. From the collection of the late Albert Brassey, Esq., were some interesting tapestries—five panels of Brussels tapestry signed "Va Leyniers, D.L." with scenes of Telemachus and Calypso, and six panels of Aubusson tapestry with garden scenes and landscapes signed "M. R. d'Aubusson, I. Dumonteil."

On the following day Messrs. Sotheby sold some valuable old furniture and needlework, including some fine Queen Anne chairs, the property of the Duchess of Wellington. Some interesting English needlework panels of the early eighteenth century, the property of Sir John Trelawny, Bt., had a fine pedigree. One panel had a pathetic note, with an obelisk with mourning figures on each side, inscribed: "In memory of my worthy and only Son Charles Trelawny, who died of ye Small Pox, in ye 16. year of his Age in ye 6 Form at Westminster School. This Obelisk is worked by his Affectionate Mother Laetitia Trelawny, 1739." Another panel has a somewhat similar design with the addition of the family arms. In the Fountain Court of the Cloisters at Westminster Abbey is a tablet to young Trelawny, "who through the spotted veil of ye Small Pox rendered unto God a pure and unspotted Soul." Laetitia Trelawny's "Love Letters of Myrtilla and Philander" (1706-1736) were privately printed in 1884, recounting the ten years' courtship of Laetitia by her cousin, Captain Harry Trelawny.

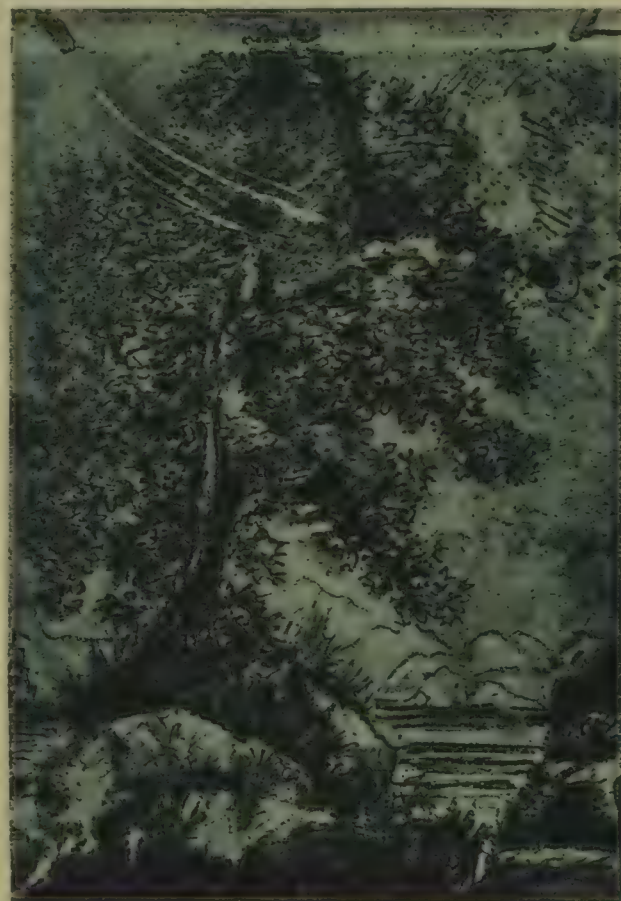
From Whitton Court, Shropshire, came

a fine set of late seventeenth-century Flemish tapestries, with a history dating from 1697, when Sir Francis Charlton added them as decorations to a gallery he built.

A two days' sale of engravings, including many colour prints, is to be conducted by Messrs. Sotheby on the 20th and 21st. There are fine impressions by W. Ward, after Morland, including such well-known subjects as "The Thatcher," "The Warrener," "The Angler's Repast," "The Public-House Door," "The Promenade in St. James's Park," by F. D. Soiron, after E. Dayes, with its fashionable throng, is an object-lesson. Promenaders now are the fair and engaging inhabitants of the series of corrugated-roofed sheds which have encroached upon the haunts of the water-fowl, and have added gaiety to the luncheon hour

of tired and jaded tax-payers.

The history of English silver should not be written around hall-marks with dates, exact enough, it is admitted, representing various reigns. We have all come to regard silver as appertaining to certain reigns, such as Charles II., Queen Anne, or George II., but the interest should centre around the makers. It does in Irish silver. It has in English plate in the case of Paul Lamerie, who is the Chippendale of silversmiths. The sale of old English silver, the property of Catherine Lady Grey and Sir John Foley Grey, Bt., at Christie's on the 20th, is an object-lesson in makers over an extended period sufficient to indicate an individuality. Unhappily, there is a scarcity of detail of their lives. We know the peccadillos of painters, and there is a record of the idiosyncrasies of great engravers, but the silversmiths' lives are for the present hidden from public gaze. We are sure they were men of artistic temperament and worthy of note, but letters and



SHELLEY AS AN ARTIST: THE POET'S DRAWING ON THE COVER OF HIS MANUSCRIPT NOTE-BOOK, SOLD TO AN AMERICAN FOR £1750.

Shelley's notebook, with the above drawing by him on the cover, and containing his autograph MS. of "A Philosophical View of Reform," was bought at Sotheby's the other day by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of Philadelphia, for £1750—probably the English record for a Shelley MS. It belonged to Mrs. T. W. Rolleston. The work was published only last year.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.]

memoirs and biographies are silent, so we have to take their work on their own initials and monograms as though it were centuries removed. The influence of Paul Lamerie in the first half of the eighteenth century is apparent here; and two of his jugs are presented, dated 1732. Peter Archambo, from 1728 to 1740, has 33 examples. Isaac Liger, from 1710 to 1730, has 43 examples; Edward Feline, with his 11 examples, disappears in 1751; and Magdalen Feline has her mark in 1753—possibly the widow who carried on—and has 17 examples here. David Willaume has his examples, 12 in number. So here is a set of art craftsmen who left a brilliant record in the first half of the eighteenth century. Phil Rolles contributes a wine-cistern, in date 1701, the year when it was enacted that no alien could sit in Parliament or in the Privy Council, or hold offices or lands from the Crown, and that the Sovereign must be a member of the Church of England, and was not to leave England without consent of Parliament. A Peter Archambo tea-urn (so described), in date 1728, anticipates later usages. We imagine this was a wine-cistern with a tap; as a tea-urn it comes nearly a century too early. Another fine Archambo piece is a plain oval wine-cistern on Chippendale mahogany stand, in date 1729, just a year after Gay's "Beggars' Opera."



HOW WINE CAME TO TABLE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A WILLIAM III. OVAL WINE-CISTERN, BY PHIL ROLLES, 1701.

This wine-cistern is included in the sale at Christie's on April 20 of old English silver plate belonging to Catherine Lady Grey and Sir John Foley Grey. It is 15 in. high by 25 in. wide. The boars on the handles are the Warrington supporters.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

FROM THE ARMADA TO TRAFALGAR: OLD-TIME SERVICE MEDALS.

BY COURTESY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



1. AN ARMADA MEDAL FOR NAVAL COMMANDERS: QUEEN BESS AND HER INVOLATE ISLE, 1588.

2. THE EARLIEST AWARDED TO THE BRITISH ARMY: A DUTCH MEDAL FOR THE BATTLE OF NIEUPORT, 1600.

3. STRUCK WHILE CHARLES I. WAS AT OXFORD, IN 1643: THE "FORLORN HOPE" MEDAL.

4. FOR THE VICTOR OF EDGEHILL: A ROUNDHEAD MEDAL GIVEN TO THE EARL OF ESSEX, 1642.

5. BEARING PORTRAITS OF CHARLES I.: ONE OF THE NUMEROUS CAVALIER BADGES.

6. FOR THE VICTOR OF NASEBY: A ROUNDHEAD MEDAL GIVEN TO SIR THOMAS FAIRFAX, 1645.

7. THE FIRST REGULAR WAR MEDAL ISSUED TO ALL RANKS: THAT VOTED TO CROMWELL AFTER DUNBAR, 1650.

8. ADMIRAL BLAKE'S DEFEAT OF VAN TROMP, 1653: A FAMOUS NAVAL MEDAL.

9. FOR BLAKE'S MEN WHO SAVED THE BURNING FLAGSHIP "TRIUMPH": A SILVER MEDAL, 1653.

10. BESTOWED BY GEORGE II. ON CAPTAIN CALLIS FOR BURNING SPANISH SHIPS: A GOLD MEDAL, 1742.

11. AWARDED FOR CULLODEN: A RARE BRONZE BADGE (1746) SHOWING THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

12. FOR THE BATTLE OF THE NILE: THE DAVISON MEDAL, 1798.

13. FOR TRAFALGAR (1805): THE BOULTON MEDAL.

The history of our service medals, whose numbers and significance have been so much increased by the war, is a fascinating subject. The article by Mr. J. Allan on the next page describes the earlier British medals illustrated above and on that page, as well as the modern decorations illustrated in colour on the page facing his article. Fuller information may be found in Mr. Stanley C. Johnson's admirable book, "The Medal Collector" (Herbert Jenkins). "The

fashioning of medals," he writes, "was a craft almost unknown in England prior to the time of Henry VIII. . . . Between Henry's reign and that of Elizabeth, the industry grew. . . . Interesting pieces can be found associated with events in Scotland, the voyages of Sir Francis Drake, the relations of the Queen with Holland, and the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The latter are the first English decorations to be conferred for warlike services."

From the Armada to the Great War—British Service Medals.

(N.B.—The "Figures" referred to in this article appear on the preceding page; the "Plates" on the colour page opposite.)

WHILE all our distinguished service medals are of quite modern origin, the custom of bestowing such awards can be traced back to the sixteenth century. The earliest English decoration for special services is the celebrated Drake jewel, presented by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Francis Drake on the completion of his voyage round the world. A jewelled hat-badge was presented to Drake on the defeat of the Armada, while his Rear-Admiral, Sir John Hawkins, received a jewel. To the period of the Armada belong several medals presented to distinguished naval commanders. One of the best known (Fig. 1) of these bears a facing bust of Elizabeth, with the flattering legend, "Ditior in toto non alter circulus orbe," and on the reverse an island uninjured by storm, with the motto, "non ipsa pericula tangunt." The earliest medal awarded to the British Army for distinguished services is a foreign one, gained in Flanders. This is the medal (Fig. 2) given by the States-General of the Netherlands to the English troops under Sir Francis de Vere, who bore the brunt of the fighting in the battle of Nieuport in 1600, when Prince Maurice of Nassau defeated the forces of the Archduke Albert of Austria. The obverse shows a plan of the siege of Fort St. Andries, and on the reverse Prince Maurice rides over the enemy.

During the Civil War, Charles I. caused several medals to be struck for distinguished services, such as that presented to Sir Robert Welch for recapturing the Royal Standard at Edgehill. One of the best known of these is the "Forlorn Hope" medal (Fig. 3) or badge, ordered to be struck in 1643 while Charles was at Oxford. It bears his "Royal Image and that of our dearest son, Prince Charles." The numerous Cavalier badges (Fig. 5), with portraits of Charles and members of his family, are, as a rule, not of the nature of rewards. Numerous special medals were struck by the Parliamentarians during the Civil War, e.g., those given to the Earl of Essex after Edgehill (Fig. 4) and to Sir Thomas Fairfax after the Battle of Naseby (Fig. 6). It is to the period of the Commonwealth that we owe the first regular war medal issued to all ranks. This is the medal (Fig. 7) voted by Parliament to Cromwell and his army after the victory at Dunbar in 1650. The obverse bore, in spite of his protest, a bust of Cromwell, and the legend: "Ye word at Dunbar, the Lord of Hosts, Sept. ye 3rd 1650" chosen by Cromwell in allusion to his watchword that day. The Commonwealth's war with the Dutch gave us the earliest naval medals issued in any numbers. Of these, the most famous (Fig. 8) is the medal awarded to Admiral Blake and his officers for their defeat of Van Tromp in July 1653. The medal has on the obverse a representation of the battle, surrounded by a border of naval trophies, and on the reverse an anchor and cable with the arms of England, Scotland and Ireland. Similar medals (Fig. 9) in silver, with a special inscription, were given to those members of Blake's flagship, the *Triumph*, who remained on board after it had been set on fire.

Of the numerous medals commemorating the naval battles of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, one of those struck on the victory of La Hogue in 1692 was ordered by Queen Mary to be distributed among the officers and seamen who were found to have done any signal

service. Queen Anne presented medals to the captain and boatswain of the *Torbay* for acts of particular bravery in the Battle of Vigo. In June 1742 Captain Callis entered the harbour of St. Tropez and burned five Spanish ships there. A gold medal (Fig. 10) was awarded him by George II. for this exploit, and specimens in silver were given to his officers.

The Battle of Culloden gave the Army the first distinguished service medals it had received since the Battle of Dunbar. The fine and rare medals with the bust of the Duke of Cumberland and Apollo slaying a Dragon on the reverse (illustrated on this page), were awarded after this battle. The exceedingly rare bronze badge (Fig. 11) with the Duke on horseback and a battle in the background was also awarded for Culloden. The Naval Gold Medal was instituted in 1794 for the

later (Plate 9). This is awarded to petty officers and seamen, and to sergeants, corporals, and privates of Marines.

The Victoria Cross was instituted in 1856, to be awarded to officers and men who have performed some signal act of valour or devotion to their country in the presence of the enemy. The idea was Queen Victoria's own, and the Prince Consort is believed to have influenced the design. This most coveted distinction is a Maltese cross of bronze, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches square, made from captured guns. On the obverse is the British lion above a crown, below which is a scroll with the words "For Valour." The ribbon, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, is dark red for the Army and dark blue for the Navy (Plate 1).

The Distinguished Service Order (Plate 2), instituted in 1886, is bestowed on officers who have been specially mentioned in despatches for meri-

torious service in war. It is a gold cross patée, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches square, enamelled white, having on the obverse the Imperial crown on a red enamelled ground within a green wreath, and on the reverse the Royal monogram.

The Royal Red Cross (Plate 3), an Order instituted in 1883, is given to ladies who have distinguished themselves in attending the sick or wounded. The

badge is a crimson enamelled cross edged with gold, having on the four arms the words "Faith," "Hope," "Charity," and the date "1883." The reverse has the Royal monogram. The ribbon, dark blue with red edges, is in the form of a bow.

The Distinguished Service Medal (Plate 10) was the first of the new medals awarded for the recent war. It was instituted on Oct. 14, 1914, to reward petty officers and lower ranks in the Navy, and the

corresponding ranks in the Marines, for bravery in the presence of the enemy in cases which did not justify the higher award of the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal. The ribbon is dark blue with two white stripes.

The Distinguished Service Cross (Plate 4), another naval decoration dating from 1914, is not exactly a new award. The Conspicuous Service Cross, created by King Edward VII.

in 1901, for petty officers in the Navy whose services had been mentioned in despatches, was discontinued in 1914, and the same cross—a silver cross patée, with crown and monogram in the centre—was bestowed as the Distinguished Service Cross. Its award was extended to certain junior commissioned officers, so that it corresponds to the Military Cross. The latter (Plate 5), instituted on the last day of 1914, is awarded to Army officers of the rank of Captain and under who have rendered distinguished service insufficient to justify the award of the D.S.O.

The Military Medal (Plate 11), instituted in April 1916, is awarded to N.C.O.s and men for acts of bravery in the field, as the inscription shows. The ribbon is dark blue with three white and two crimson stripes.

On June 3, 1918, four silver decorations were instituted for the Royal Air Force. These were the Distinguished Flying Cross (Plate 6), for officers and warrant officers, and the Distinguished Flying Medal (Plate 12), for N.C.O.s and men, awarded for acts of gallantry when flying in the face of the enemy. The Air Force Cross (Plate 7) and the Air Force Medal (Plate 13) are awarded to officers and men respectively for acts of courage when flying, but not in the face of the enemy.

J. ALLAN.

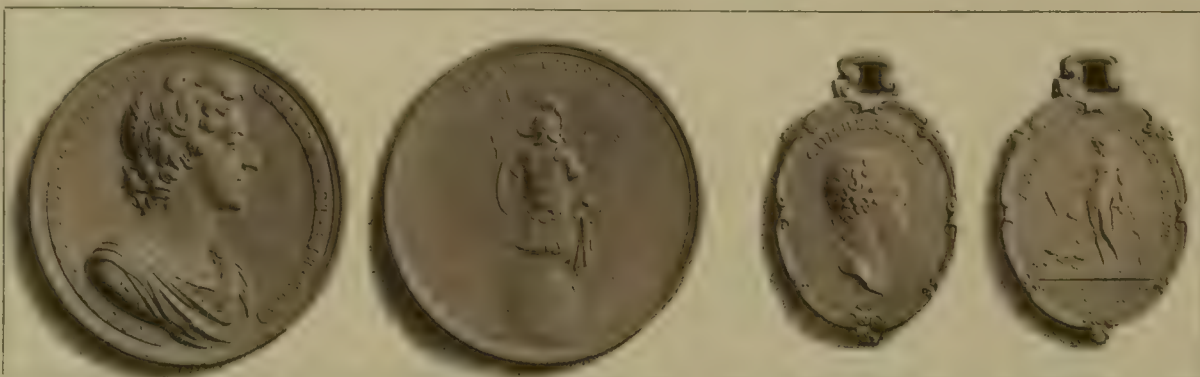


FOR THE NAVAL VICTORY OVER THE DUTCH OFF LOWESTOFT ON JUNE 3, 1665: CHARLES II.'S "DOMINION OF THE SEA" MEDAL, AWARDED TO OFFICERS OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S FLEET.

WITH ANOTHER HEAD OF THE MERRY MONARCH, AND A SEA-FIGHT: CHARLES II.'S NAVAL REWARD FOR FLAG OFFICERS AND CAPTAINS AT THE BATTLE OF LOWESTOFT ON JUNE 3, 1665.

By Courtesy of the British Museum.

"glorious first of June" and awarded until 1815 to the higher officers of the Fleet. It may be said to begin the modern series of distinguished service medals. The Davison Medal (Fig. 12) for the Battle of the Nile, and the Boulton Medal (Fig. 13) for Trafalgar, were private issues given with the Government's permission to every participant in the battles. It was not till fifty years later, in 1847, that the survivors of Trafalgar



BESTOWED BY JAMES II. FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF THE REBELLION OF MONMOUTH AND ARGYLL: A NAVAL AND MILITARY MEDAL OF 1685.

AWARDED AFTER THE LAST BATTLE FOUGHT IN BRITAIN: "BUTCHER" CUMBERLAND'S GOLD MEDAL FOR OFFICERS AT CULLODEN, 1746.

By Courtesy of the British Museum.

were rewarded with the Navy General Service Medal. Here, however, we are dealing only with meritorious service medals. The first medal since the Battle of Dunbar to be officially issued to all ranks was the Waterloo Medal, which standardised the shape and size of such awards, although recently there has been a tendency to revive the old oval shape.

The instances we have so far given have all been exceptional issues, and the institution of medals for special services, as distinguished from medals awarded to all participants in a campaign, may be said to date only from the reign of Queen Victoria. The oldest of such medals is the Meritorious Service Medal (Plate 14), authorised by the Queen on Dec. 19, 1845, "to afford a greater encouragement to the N.C.O.s and soldiers of our Army who may have distinguished themselves." The obverse of the medal, which is of silver, bears the Royal bust. The ribbon is crimson for the Army and deep blue for the Marines. In December 1854 the Distinguished Conduct Medal (Plate 8) was instituted by the Sovereign in recognition of the distinguished service of the Army in the field in the Crimea. It is awarded only to N.C.O.s and men, and till 1862 carried a gratuity with it. The Naval counterpart of this medal is the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal, instituted eight months

SYMBOLS OF COURAGE AND DEVOTION: BRITISH SERVICE MEDALS.

THE COLLECTION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND MESSRS. BALDWIN, LTD., 4A, DUNCANNON STREET, W.C.



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2. DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER (OBSERVE).
3. ROYAL RED CROSS, 1st CLASS (OBSERVE).
4. (NAVAL) DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS (OBSERVE).
5. MILITARY CROSS (OBSERVE).

6. DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS (OBSERVE).
7. AIR FORCE CROSS (OBSERVE).
8. DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT MEDAL (REVERSE).
9. (NAVAL) CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY MEDAL (REVERSE).

10. (NAVY AND MARINES) DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL (REVERSE).
11. MILITARY MEDAL (REVERSE).
12. DISTINGUISHED FLYING MEDAL (OBSERVE).
13. AIR FORCE MEDAL (OBSERVE).
14. MERITORIOUS SERVICE MEDAL (REVERSE).

The Victoria Cross, the highest of all our military decorations, was originated by Queen Victoria in 1856 after the Crimean War. The Distinguished Service Order, instituted in 1886, is "a Naval and Military Order of Distinction" for officers. The Royal Red Cross, a decoration for women, dates from 1883. The Distinguished Service Cross, for junior Naval officers, instituted on October 14, 1914, superseded the Conspicuous Service Cross of 1901. The Military Cross, for Army officers, was instituted in 1914. The Distinguished Flying Cross, for R.A.F. officers and warrant officers, was instituted on the King's birthday in 1918, for gallantry in war, and the Air Force Cross (at the same time) for officers, warrant officers, and

civilians for courage and devotion to duty when flying, though not in war. The Distinguished Conduct Medal and the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal for the Navy date from the Crimean War. The Distinguished Service Medal was first issued in October 1914, for petty officers and men of the Navy and Marines. The Military Medal was instituted in 1916 for N.C.O.s and men of the Army. The Distinguished Flying Medal is for N.C.O.s and men of the R.A.F. for gallantry in war, and the Air Force Medal for courage and devotion to duty when flying, though not in war. The Meritorious Service Medal, for N.C.O.s and men, was instituted in 1845 for the Army and in 1849 for the Royal Marines.

TO BE MAINTAINED AT A "ONE-POWER STANDARD": THE BRITISH NAVY—INTERESTING TYPES OF MODERN SHIPS.

FROM WATER-COLOURS BY FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A.



A FORERUNNER OF THE SUBMERSIBLE BATTLE-SHIP? SUBMARINE "M1," WITH HER BIG GUN.



SMALLER SHIPS OF THE NAVY: A FLOTILLA LEADER, SLOOP, AND TRANSPORT.



"DAZZLE"—PAINTED FOR CAMOUFLAGE PURPOSES: A "FLEET MESSENGER" LEAVING MALTA.



THE CO-OPERATION OF SEA AND AIR FORCES: AN AEROPLANE-CARRIER.

The future of the Navy, and especially the vexed question of the utility of capital ships, has been very anxiously discussed since the war. Public interest in this vital matter was again stirred by the recent debate on the Navy Estimates, and the statement thereon by the new First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Lee of Fareham, who recently succeeded Mr. Walter Long. He said that the Government's naval policy was to maintain a "One-Power Standard," and not to enter upon competitive building programmes against other Powers. "But," he continued, "it would be a dereliction of duty on the part of the Admiralty to allow the efficiency, training, or moral of the Royal Navy to deteriorate through neglect to provide it with material which is equal to the best. . . . No capital ship has been

laid down and completed since 1916, and as the Fleet is reduced in numbers, the ships of which it is composed must be of up-to-date type and of the highest efficiency." The Estimates, therefore, provide for the commencement of certain "re-placement" ships, among them four battle-ships of an improved "Hood" type, to be laid down this year, with a submarine and a mine-layer embodying new and experimental features. Sir J. Craig, Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, said in Parliament that the Naval Staff and the Admiralty still considered that "the necessity for the capital ship had survived the test of the Great War," and that "a similar investigation in the United States had led to the same conclusion."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

*The Story of Nature's Bulk Storage—No. 1***800 MILLION YEARS AGO**

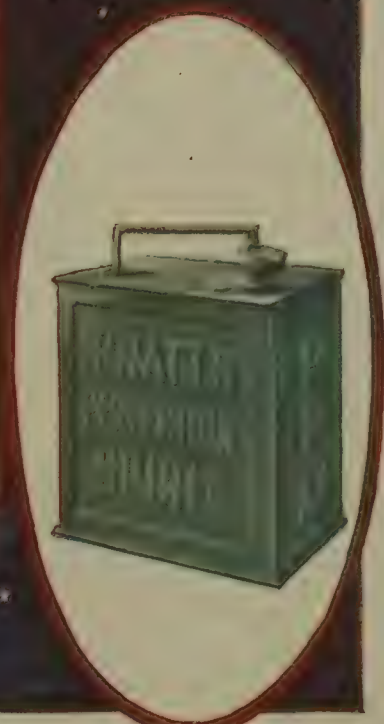
Every ounce of that energy which now propels your car was once held in Nature's wondrous storehouse of energy—the sun!

How that energy was brought across the æons of space; how it was conserved through *millions* of years—until *you* needed it, is a romance of grand immensity—the romance of Bulk Storage!

We are going to tell you this story in our forthcoming series of advertisements. Read them, digest them—and *think*. Then you will realise the wonderful heritage which is yours, in

PRATT'S
"PERFECTION" SPIRIT

*From the Golden Pump
 or in the Green Can.*



SMOKED GLASS, FILMS, PAIL, AND PINHOLE: OBSERVING THE ECLIPSE.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.; INSET PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE PATHÉ FILM CO.



AMATEUR ASTRONOMERS DURING THE RECENT ANNULAR ECLIPSE OF THE SUN: A FAMILY PARTY OBSERVING THE PHENOMENON WITH HOMELY DEVICES—(INSET) A PIECE OF CINEMA FILM DISTRIBUTED IN LONDON.

The solar eclipse on the morning of April 8 provided a pleasant interlude from discussions of the coal dispute, and the weather was ideal for watching it. The eclipse was of the annular type, the complete ring of the sun's edge left round the moon being visible in the north of Scotland. From London the ring was not complete. Thousands of amateur astronomers conducted improvised observations, using various simple devices to mitigate the glare of the sun. In the family group here illustrated, the father is using a piece of smoked glass, while

the mother has one of the pieces of film given away to Londoners by the Pathé Film Company, and bearing the following instructions: "To view eclipse, look at the sun through the black portion of this film. Hold close to the eye." The little boy has an ordinary photographic negative, and the little girl two pieces of paper, the upper one pierced by a pin-hole, through which the eclipse is projected on to the lower one. The maid is observing the eclipse reflected in a pail of water.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

DESCRIBING these two photographs of the Kilauea crater, Mr. L. W. de Vis-Norton writes, from Honolulu, on March 12: "No. 1 [the upper illustration here] is a view taken from the north-eastern rim of the inner crater, looking in a westerly direction to where the clear-cut slope of the great volcano, Mauna Loa, looms up, on the extreme right of the picture, against the sunset sky. In the left centre and background appears the towering mass of the summit of the lava column, which has risen within its pit from unfathomable depths, until it now stands high above the rim. This mass is largely red-hot and is giving off poisonous fumes and gases in great quantities. The foreground is occupied by one of the five lava lakes at present (March 1921) in existence, its white-hot waves and fountains gnawing and tearing at the opposite bank or terrace at the base of the main mass. The lava is eating in under the bank, which is gradually being demolished, and glowing stalactites are very clearly visible along the whole line of melt. A heavy splash of molten lava lies on the higher part of the bank, and is just commencing to solidify."

No. 2 is a closer view of the fountains and fiery spray in the first picture. The photographer has made his way along a narrow ledge separating two of the lakes, and has reached a point almost directly opposite his former position. It is a post of real danger, for lava is uncertain in its habits, and should a splash be flung in his direction he would not live long enough to know what hit him. The picture gives a wonderful idea of the spectacle of the great fire-lakes in action at night. Through the curtain of fire-spray the full extent of the lake can be seen, and high in the background rises a great flaming cone, whose roar is distinctly heard several miles away."

Another description of Kilauea, "the House of Eternal Fire," appears elsewhere in this number, from

(continued on page 2)



A LAVA LAKE WITH "WHITE-HOT WAVES AND FOUNTAINS GNAWING OF KILAUEA, SHOWING



AND TEARING AT THE OPPOSITE BANK AT THE BASE OF THE MAIN MASS": A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE RIM OF THE INNER CRATER THE SLOPE OF MAUNA LOA ON THE RIGHT.



WHERE A CHANCE SPLASH OF LAVA WOULD HAVE KILLED THE PHOTOGRAPHER: "THE GREAT FIRE-LAKES IN ACTION SEEN IN THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH, FROM A "POST OF REAL DANGER"

HAUNT OF THE FLAME-HAIRED GODDESS PELE: "THE HOUSE OF ETERNAL FIRE"—

These wonderful photographs, the obtaining of which, as may well be imagined, was a perilous task, were taken by Mr. K. Machara, of Hilo, Hawaii, on February 9 last, during an abnormally high level of the lava column in the crater of Kilauea near the great Hawaiian volcano, Mauna Loa. We are enabled to publish them by courtesy of



AT NIGHT"—A CLOSER VIEW OF THE FOUNTAINS AND FIERY SPRAY ALMOST DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE FORMER POSITION.

MARVELLOUS NEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE INNER CRATER OF KILAUEA.

Mr. L. W. de Vis-Norton, Secretary of the Hawaiian Volcano Research Association, Honolulu. Our readers will remember that we have in previous numbers given several other photographs, of equally remarkable interest, from the same source. In this connection it may be noted that Vesuvius was reported the other day to be displaying unusual activity.

the pen of the famous woman traveller, Mrs. Rosita Forbes, whose recent daring journey into the Sahara to the fastnesses of the Senussi aroused so much interest. She has visited many parts of the world and described them vividly. Writing of Kilauea, she says: "Sharp-cut volcanic crags tower out of the seething black substance which everlastingly breaks and recedes, in oily black waves, against the circular walls of Pele's home. Flame gleams in fiery serpents from rock to rock. Hissing demons of light curl up to the watching cliffs, and the golden hair of the goddess is blown in stray gleaming wisps along the crater's edge. In reality it is fine-spun shreds of lava, but even the most sceptical must admit that it is fairest corn-colour in the sunlight and meet tresses for any divinity. He who would actually see the goddess must wait till the moon rises triumphantly above Mauna Loa, and her cold silver mixes with the vermillion fires of Kilauea. Then the whole crater bursts into rivers and pools of flame. The demons ride fantastic races in the whirling smoke-wreaths. In agony and wrack the heart of the earth gives up her gold. Light, colour, storm, blaze and thunder round the central crags, and surely the wildest flame is the scarlet robe of Pele and the yellow fumes are her unbound hair!"

Mauna Loa (Great Mountain) is the largest volcano in the world, and is still active. It is over 13,600 ft. high, and extends at sea-level about 75 by 50 miles. Its eruptions have consisted mainly of quiet discharges of lava in enormous quantities. Kilauea, a hill about 16 miles to the south-east on the eastern slope of Mauna Loa, has the largest active crater in the world, over 8 miles in circumference. Another Hawaiian mountain, Mauna Haleakala, has the largest extinct pit-crater in the world, covering an area of about 19 square miles. Mauna Loa was in eruption in 1907.

"THE HOUSE OF ETERNAL FIRE": KILAUEA IN HAWAII.

By ROSITA FORBES.

(SEE REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE.)

ONCE a week an old tramp steamer threads its way in and out among the misty Hawaiian Isles. It labours in the swell of the great Pacific rollers, and with each pitch it diffuses the well-known odour of the Southern Seas—copra. One cannot get away from it. Wherever there is a palm-tree, there also is the stench of the white oily substance that is made from the coconut flesh. The white hotels of Honolulu, with memories of far-famed pine-apple cocktails, fade away to port. The towering ridge of Nuana Pali, scene of King Kamehameha's last great battle for his island freedom, dwindles to a shadow on the horizon, and a score of barren rocks surge out of blue waters at the bows.

The lesser Hawaiian Isles are sparsely inhabited by a primitive race which treasures the stories of its ancient royalty, whose chiefs still wear the marvellous feather robes made of the breasts of a myriad flaming birds. They have never seen a horse or a cow. They offer the rare traveller soft-voiced welcome in a hut of rustling grass. Their food is "poi," a glutinous, starch-like paste made of taro-root and served in the half of a dried gourd. The men earn a scanty living by fishing with home-made spear and net. The women crown their dark hair with flowers, and hang garlands ("laïs") of sweet-scented frangipanni over bare brown breasts and swinging skirts of straw.

Here, when the softest winds in the world shake out the perfume of the datura (the death-flower), may be seen the real hula-hula. A ukelele throbs from some dim corner. Old men beat out the rhythm of the dance on rattling gourds filled with dry seeds, jerking themselves into strange, distorted postures. Lazily out of the shadows come the grave-eyed girls with long, drooping eyelashes and quivering finger-tips. One leads the dance in memory of an ancient privilege of the Hawaiian Queen. The others follow slowly. It is typical of the spirit of a race doomed to extinction by the force of Western vitality that even their dances are grave and mirthless. A shadow of superstition and fear hangs over all their gatherings. Always their simple festivals end with a cry to Pele, dread goddess of the "House of Fire"—she whose breath shakes the mountain, she whose wrath has destroyed whole villages in the wake of her burning lava!

The creaking tramp wallows phlegmatically from island to island. It touches at Molokai, where Father Damien sacrificed his life to the care of the leper colony, which still exists among the lonely defiles of the northern shore. It passes a few lazy hours at Lahaina, where one may breakfast happily on papaia, whose fat pink flesh tastes like soft soap, and striped barracuda fish, with sour orange-juice and olives thrown in as relishes. It puts in at Wailuku, where one sleeps in fear of the giant, hairy centipedes which leave a red scar wherever they crawl across bare flesh; and then it plunges into Hilo Harbour, shaking every

loosened board and bar with a sigh of relief at its journey's end.

Cloying scent of oleanders and wild white ginger meet one far out at sea. The great bulk of Mauna Loa looms up behind the tiny fishing village which was almost destroyed some years ago by a river of lava which flowed relentlessly down from the living crater of Kilauea. The churches on the mainland prayed in vain for relief, so the Princess Ruth was hastily fetched from Honolulu to offer sacrifices to appease the anger

instantly stopped, and Christianity was looked upon with infinite scorn!

It is not so long ago that crueller sacrifices were enacted to appease the angry goddess. Pale Hawaiian girls went with music and song to their voluntary doom. Stalwart youths left their sails and spears to offer themselves to the mountain. Quite lately, when a river of lava threatened to overwhelm a whole village on the further side of the island, a dismal little procession, old and young, men, women, and children, started up the mountain side intent on flinging themselves into the boiling pit. Fortunately, the death-song which they wailed was borne on the winds to less superstitious islanders, and protest came forth from Hilo. The sacrificial victims were forcibly prevented from fulfilling their purpose, and, luckily, the eruption ceased the following day.

It will be seen, therefore, that the mountain is at once the centre of the island life, its mainspring, and its doom. From the white cottages of Hilo one may drive long miles over the worst road in the world through forests of giant tree-ferns, whose shadowy umbrellas meet over one's head till the golden green and the intolerably sweet scent of all tropical flowers, together with the scarlet flame of the hibiscus, are wiped out by the black lava. From fairy glades one emerges suddenly into the bleakness of utter desolation. Even the sunlight can do no more than glint steel-white on the ebony wastes. Great valleys and gorges, devoid of vegetation, are carved out of the blackness. Sulphur fumes weight the air. One trudges for miles over this aching country, the thin crust breaking beneath one's feet. Great waves of hot smoke are borne down upon one, shutting out the ridge of Mauna Loa.

Then quite suddenly one finds oneself standing on the edge of the crater above the "House of Eternal Fire." Sharp-cut volcanic crags tower out of the seething black substance, which everlastingly breaks and recedes in oily black waves against the circular walls of Pele's home. Flame gleams in fiery serpents from rock to rock. Hissing streams of light curl up to the watching cliffs, and the golden hair of the goddess is blown in stray gleaming wisps along the crater's edge! In reality it is fine-spun shreds of lava, but even the most sceptical must admit that it is fairest corn-colour in the

sunlight, and meet tresses for the head of any divinity! He who would actually see the goddess must wait till the moon rises triumphantly above Mauna Loa, and her cold silver mixes with the vermillion fires of Kilauea. Then the whole crater bursts into rivers and pools of flame. The demons ride fantastic races in the whirling smoke-wreaths. In agony and wrack the heart of the earth gives up her gold. Light, colour, storm blaze and thunder round the central crags, and surely the wildest flame is the scarlet robe of Pele, and the yellow fumes are her unbound hair!



1. "SHARP-CUT VOLCANIC CRAGS TOWER OUT OF THE SEETHING BLACK SUBSTANCE": THE CRATER OF KILAUEA, ON MAUNA LOA, BY DAY.
2. "THE WOMEN . . . HANG GARLANDS OVER BARE BROWN BREASTS AND SWINGING SKIRTS OF STRAW": BELLES OF HAWAII.
3. "SURELY THE WILDEST FLAME IS THE SCARLET ROBE OF PELE, AND THE YELLOW FUMES ARE HER UNBOUND HAIR!": THE CRATER OF KILAUEA BY NIGHT.

Photographs by Mrs. Rosita Forbes.

of Pele. By this time the black molten mass was within a few hundred yards of the village. A little platform was built at the edge of the flow, and thereon the Hawaiian Princess, weighing some seventeen stone, was hoisted by the terrified priests. Chickens were brought to her, and she cut their throats to offer their blood to Pele. Pigs were killed round her feet amidst the prayers and lamentations of the crowd. Then the ancient lady held out her arms to the smoking crags of Kilauea and prayed to Pele to spare her children. The lava flow

APPEALING FOR IRISH TRUCE AND CONCILIATION: CHURCH LEADERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WEBSTER, ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, RUSSELL, BERESFORD, "METHODIST TIMES," AND WATSON.

THE BISHOP OF
CHELMSFORD.THE BISHOP OF
PETERBOROUGH

THE BISHOP OF CHESTER.

THE BISHOP OF
MANCHESTER.THE BISHOP OF
SOUTHWARK.

BISHOP GORE.

"IN opening the latest discussion on the Irish situation in the House of Lords, the Archbishop of Canterbury took occasion once more to protest strongly against the deplorable practice of indiscriminate and unauthorised reprisals by the irregular forces of the Crown. He did so on the highest of all grounds—namely, the absolute unlawfulness of the attempt to overcome wrong, however flagrant and provocative, by means of further and equally indefensible wrong. With that protest we, the undersigned, desire earnestly to associate ourselves. And we go further. While not entitled to commit our respective Churches, we feel constrained to say that we cannot regard the cruel and detestable outrages which have given rise to the whole reprisals policy, authorised and unauthorised alike, as a mere outbreak of wanton criminality in the ordinary sense. Notoriously there lies behind them a long-cherished and deep-seated sense of political grievance which has been aggravated and inflamed by many untoward events, and which the concessions of the new Irish Government Act have altogether failed to appease. Hence Dail Eireann's quarrel with Great Britain and the emergence of a situation fraught with intolerable distress and humiliation to every lover of his country. In these circumstances we join our voices with those who are appealing from many sides for the adoption of a different line of policy. We plead with the Government to arrange, if possible, a genuine truce, with a view to a deliberate effort after an agreed solution of the Irish difficulty. It may be that the attempt will fail; but until it has been seriously and patiently tried we cannot acquiesce in any alternative course of action. The present policy is causing grave unrest throughout the Empire, and exposing us to misunderstanding and the hostile criticism even of the most friendly of the nations of the world. Admittedly it affords no prospect of the speedy restoration of law and order. Nor can we believe that it leads to the end all must desire—a peaceful and contented Ireland. On the contrary, its heaviest condemnation perhaps lies in the deepening alienation it is steadily effecting between this country and all classes of the Irish people. A method of government attended by such consequences cannot be politically or ethically right, and ought, we submit, to give place without delay to a policy of conciliation. What form this should take we do not presume to say. Various possibilities seem to be open. What the situation in our judgment requires is that the Government should take the initiative, and with resolute magnanimity pursue such a course, by the blessing of Heaven, to the end."

THE BISHOP OF
WINCHESTER.DR. WALPOLE
(Bishop of Edinburgh.)DR. ROBBERDS
(Scottish Episcopal Church.)THE REV. DUNCAN
MACGREGOR
(Presbyterian Church of England.)DR. J. T. WARDLE
STAFFORD
(Wesleyan Methodist.)THE REV. M. P. DAVISON
(Primitive Methodist.)THE REV. ALEX. PATERSON
(Baptist Union; Scotland.)THE REV. R. C. GILLIE.
(Evangelical Free Churches.)MR. ROGER CLARK
(Society of Friends.)MR. S. WILCOX STOCKER
(Wesleyan Methodist;
Scotland.)MR. W. A. HINDLEY
(Independent Methodist.)MR. HENRY BROWN
(Congregational Union;
Scotland.)DR. ALEX. MARTIN
(United Free Church of
Scotland.)PRINCIPAL GARVIE
(Congregational Union.)

The appeal for an Irish truce and a policy of conciliation that is printed on this page has been sent to the Prime Minister and the Secretary for Ireland. It was published on April 6, and is signed by those leaders of the Churches whose portraits are here reproduced. Mr. Gillie is President of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches. Principal Garvie is Chairman of the Congregational Union. Dr. Wardle Stafford is President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. Mr. Davison is President of the Primitive Methodist Conference. Mr. Hindley is President of the Independent Methodist Conference. Mr. Macgregor is Moderator

of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of England. Mr. Clark is Clerk (Chairman) of the London Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends. Dr. Martin is Moderator of the General Assembly of the United Free Church of Scotland. Dr. Robberds, Bishop of Brechin, is Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church. Dr. Walpole is Bishop of Edinburgh. Mr. Henry Brown is the Chairman of the Congregational Union of Scotland. Mr. Paterson is President of the Baptist Union of Scotland. Mr. Wilcox Stocker is Chairman of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Scotland District.

ICONS UNDER THE RED FLAG: RELIGION FLOURISHING



MOSCOW UNDER THE BOLSHEVISTS: A HUGE THROG AT A RELIGIOUS

The photograph shows that the religious faith which is so deeply rooted in the Russian soul has not been eradicated by Bolshevism, but that the Orthodox Church pursues its course very much as under the Imperial régime. Sacred icons and banners, it will be seen, are still objects of veneration to large numbers of the people in Moscow, and

EVEN UNDER LENIN'S RULE, AS UNDER NICHOLAS II.



PROCESSION, WITH ICONS AND BANNERS, OUTSIDE THE KREMLIN.

are borne in public procession through the streets past the very walls of the Kremlin, accompanied by a thronging multitude, in which the men have bared their heads as a sign of reverence. The whole scene shows that the old spirit of Russian piety is far from dead.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

HERE is a *primeur* which goes to prove that *The Illustrated London News* is a potent factor in the cause of the amity of nations. Last week I found a letter addressed to me at the office from Mr. A. H. Effron Davidson, a leading citizen in Copenhagen, saying in effect: "As a reader of the *I.L.N.* I beg to ask you—cannot you prevail upon an English manager to send an English company to Copenhagen? The *Comédie Française* is celebrating triumphs here; Moissy, of the *Deutsches Theater*, has full houses night after night; but we, whose King's daughter is your beloved Alexandra, want to knit closer the ties between Great Britain and Little Denmark. We want English plays, we want Shaw and Galsworthy and Barrie; we shall welcome you with open arms, and I feel sure the British Embassy

famous leader of the last-named, the pioneer of Maeterlinck and all that is famous in universal drama, Lugné-Poë. It is a tribute to our Academy, and an honour to the student, that a man of such erudition and influence will act as mentor and guide on an expedition which cannot but bear on the whole artistic career of the young actress. May I, then, on behalf of the Academy, Mr. Kenneth Barnes, and myself, thank M. Lugné-Poë for his gracious and immediate adoption of the proposal that he should consider himself to be host of the occasion. It is an event which should impel us to reciprocate, for international knowledge is an inevitable equipment for the young generation.

Before dealing with Mr. José Levy's latest savoury sandwich, I must relate a little story. It was at a famous club where ladies and gentlemen foregather for tea, tattle, and tango. Between the brass blares, the conversation turned on Grand Guignol. There was a French wag in the party, and he whispered to his neighbour, "Bet you that not one of them knows what *guignol* means." So his English friend, with a bland face, chimed into the parley: "Apropos, what does *guignol* mean?" Pause. Great expectations. The general answer was, "Well, you know, the sort of little theatres they have in Paris." The Frenchman chuckled, but—he lost his bet. The youngest of the company, a flapper just back from the finishing touch of Lausanne, piped blushing: "Why, you duffers, *guignol* is French for Punch and Judy."

Well, at the Little, there is the usual liberal supply of shockers. "Seven Blind Men" is a harrowing study of the terror of benighted eyes when the fire alarm sounds. It is in Descaves' strongest vein, as cruel and as real as the scenes of his famous, now obsolete, book, "Sous-Offs," which sent a shudder through France. The acting was magnificent—the vacant eyes of Russell Thorndike will haunt me like a wraith. The other goose-flesher—"The Kill," by Maurice Level (he has written a volume containing stories enough to fill ten Guignol programmes)—is so awful and so obvious that one feels inclined to greet the devouring of the lover by a pack of dogs with an "Oh, death, where is thy sting?" I infinitely preferred Miss Thorndike in Frederick Fenn's and Richard Pryce's feeling, but somewhat laboured little play, "The Love Child." Miss Thorndike's horizon is steadily widening at the Guignol; every new part unveils a new aspect of her versatility. Of the half-dozen plays that turned two hours into a whirligig, "Dead Man's Pool," by Victor and T. C. Bridges, was British and best. It was an expression of the sportsmanlike spirit that

Our only puzzle was, which of the four actors—Lewis Casson, Richard Carfax, Sydney Pease, or Sherlock Hawkins—deserved the salmon.

Before leaving the Guignol, I would not fail to pay a tribute to Mr. José Levy for the perfection of his little *ensembles*, and even more so for the great care which is bestowed on the production of each panel. Here, with the simplest means,



A MODERN CINDERELLA: MISS RENÉE KELLY AS SALLY SNAPE IN "THE HEART OF A CHILD," AT THE KINGSWAY.

Sally begins her career in a jam and pickle factory (as here seen), turns actress, and ends, as many actresses do, by marrying into the Peerage.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

the right effect is achieved, and there is not a detail of scenery or "props" which is neglected. Indeed, so graphic are some of the settings that as an album collection they would be of great use to aspirant producers, as well as a souvenir.

A young actor asked me once what he should do to get on, and I replied: "It is not so much that which matters as the 'don'ts.'" Here they are:—

DON'TS FOR THE ACTOR.

- Don't think yours is a place in the sun—remember the German Emperor.
- Don't believe that there is no world beyond the theatre. Don't look at the audience (they are looking at you). Don't boast that you don't read criticism—for you do. Don't talk about yourself—let the others do it. Don't talk shop—it only interests the small minds. Don't believe in finery; the finest birds are of simple plumage.
- Don't belittle your fellow-player; one day he may prove the better fellow.
- Don't strut; that is the peacock's privilege.
- Don't swank, swagger, or put on side—you are judged from the other side.
- Don't trust the flatterer—he is the lime-lighter of life.
- Don't be haughty—remember that once you were a petitioner (and may be again).
- Don't value applause as sterling; it is merely a bank of engraving note.
- Don't forget that Fortune is a fickle jade.
- Don't abuse your employer if the Ghost walks regularly.
- Don't run down the show because you dislike your part.
- Don't kow-tow; remember "I am I."
- Don't say he or she "have had their day"—yours will come.
- Don't trust in "It will be all right on the night"—to learn the part is Chapter I. of the contract and of your Art.
- Don't only read the lines—read between them.



IN A BIG THRILL AT THE LITTLE THEATRE: MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE AS CATHERINE, WITH THE DOGS, IN "THE KILL."

Catherine's lover is caught by her husband in her room and, having fainted, is thrown by him through a window to his savage and hungry boardhounds.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

will help. Nor need there be any risk on your side; we will guarantee both funds, theatre, and comforts. Will you be our friend across the sea?"

I heard harps in the air and buckled to. As I write, Mr. Davidson is collecting interest and sinews as fast as he can, the English Colony in Copenhagen is agog; here I am on the eve of concluding *pourparlers* with a theatre where the cult of Shaw and Galsworthy is the mainstay of its programmes, and, if the authors are agreeable, there will sail early in May a dramatic "Mayflower," manned by the young generation, with a cargo of three one-actors by Barrie, "Candida," by Shaw, and "The Fugitive," by Galsworthy. She will drop anchor at Copenhagen's lovely Dagmar Theatre, whose director, Mr. Rose, is all for English art, and enthusiastic to co-operate. Of course, there is always a 'twixt-cup-and-lip, but both Barkises are so willing that I have reason to feel sanguine. And thus I hope that, thanks to *The Illustrated London News*, our friends the Danes will become better acquainted with our drama and our histrionic power.

More international amity. When anon Mlle. Gachet, the French producer at our Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, proceeds to Paris with her prize pupil, Miss Joan Swinstead, there to enjoy a week of French dramatic art—at the *Française*, the *Odéon*, the *Opéra*, the *Vieux Colombier*, the *Théâtre de l'Œuvre*—they will be piloted by the

and so obvious that one feels inclined to greet the devouring of the lover by a pack of dogs with an "Oh, death, where is thy sting?" I infinitely preferred Miss Thorndike in Frederick Fenn's and Richard Pryce's feeling, but somewhat laboured little play, "The Love Child." Miss Thorndike's horizon is steadily widening at the Guignol; every new part unveils a new aspect of her versatility.

Of the half-dozen plays that turned two hours into a whirligig, "Dead Man's Pool," by Victor and T. C. Bridges, was British and best. It was an expression of the sportsmanlike spirit that

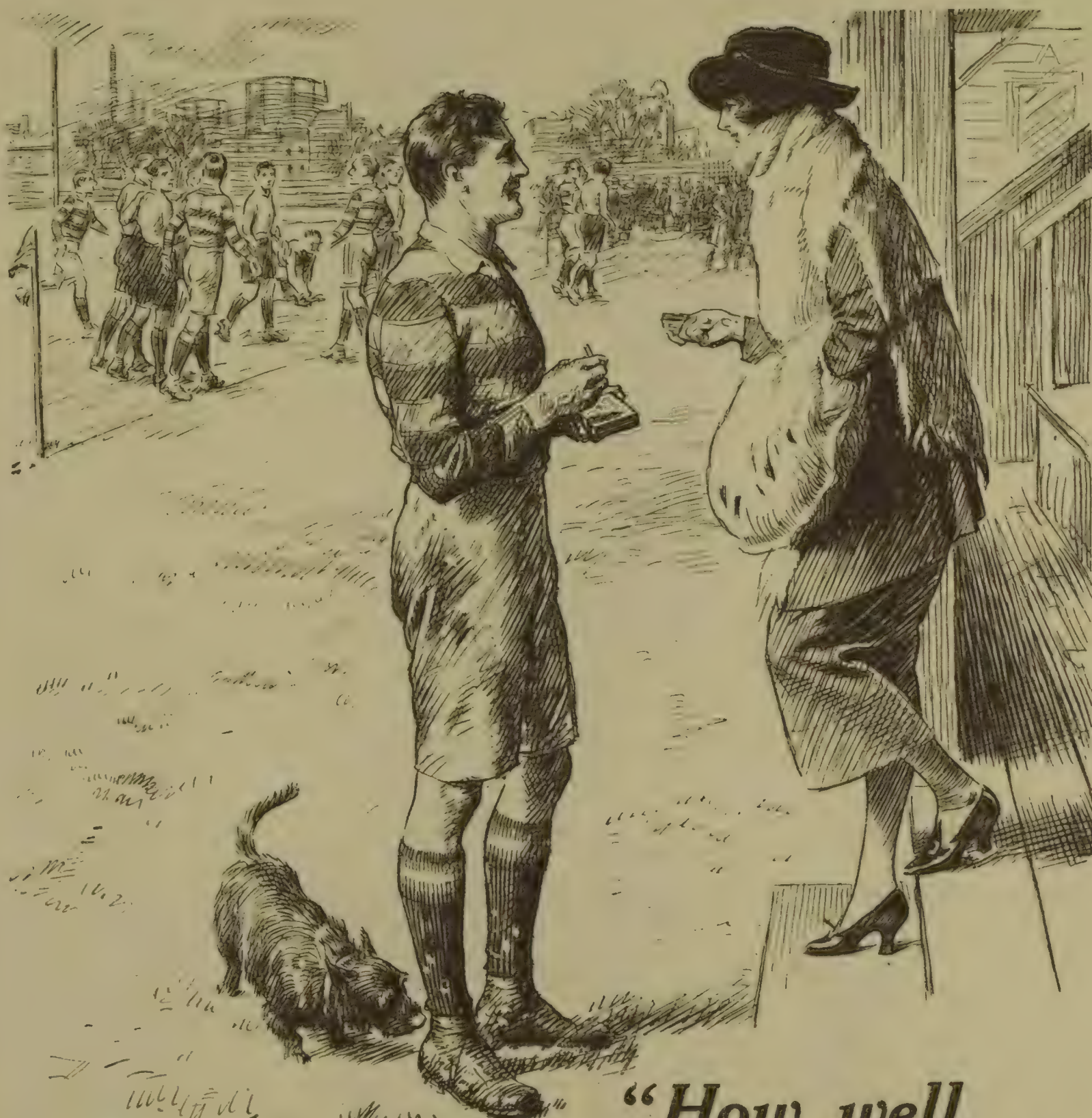


A ROMANTIC DRAMA OF SPANISH BRIGANDAGE AT THE APOLLO THEATRE: THE UNMASKING OF THE VILLAIN IN "DON Q."

Don Caesar, accused of a murder committed by Don Sebastian, escapes and becomes the brigand, Don Q. Finally he brings the crime home to the culprit, and wins the heroine. From left to right the front figures are: Mr. William Stack as Don Sebastian, Mr. F. J. Nettlefold as Don Caesar (Don Q), Mr. J. J. Bartlett as Colonel Matsado, Mr. Vincent Sternroyd as General de Vayo, Mr. Cecil A. Melton as Robledo, Mrs. Maud Nettlefold as Lola, and Miss Dorothy Dix as Dolores, the heroine.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

pervades the nation. It is all about a "compleat" angler, a convict, a warder, and a salmon. The moral, that sport is the league that binds the nation together, is strangely stimulating.



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LADIES' NEWS.

A COMBINATION of Wyndham with Tennant should mean something brilliant, and the Hon. Stephen Tennant, who will attain his fifteenth birthday on the 21st inst., has had a show of singularly clever drawings at the Dorien Leigh Galleries, Cromwell Place, and thus given promise of brilliant artistic attainments in future. He has, of course, been reared in a thoroughly artistic atmosphere. The Glenconner residence in Queen Anne's Gate has a gallery of pictures which is generally considered very fine. The late Lord Glenconner opened it to the public on certain afternoons. Lady Glenconner had a tea-party and private view at the Galleries. Mrs. Asquith, aunt of the youthful artist, was there in a black-and-white wide-checked suit, a black hat, black shoes, and white stockings. She was chaffing her nephew, who chaffed back. He is a perfectly natural and charming-mannered boy. The Dowager Lady Leconfield was there; and pretty Lady Lytton, with pretty children. It was quite a cheery party. Mr. Anthony Asquith went also to see his cousin's drawings.

That the Prince of Wales was chewing gum before he rode his steeplechase at Hawthorn Hill was described as a habit he had acquired from America. No doubt it originated there, but during the Great War it became fairly general with our warriors and officers. They found it the greatest help to them if they had long marches, exhausting tasks, or if their rations did not turn up. The Prince was not in that case at Hawthorn Hill; his Royal Highness was, however, manifestly nervous—not about his ride, but over the great demonstration in his favour—and, if chewing gum was a comfort to him, it was one very innocently acquired. The Queen looked very white, and had to clasp her white-gloved hands to stay their trembling. I stood quite near when the Prince rode in winner, and never saw a more thankful and relieved lady than the first in our land. Tears stood in the Queen's eyes, but were not permitted to do more, and it was with the sweetest of smiles that she patted her son's shoulder.

The Textile and Dress Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was a sheer delight to me. There were certainly costumes for everyone, some more remarkable than pretty, others quite charming. I loved the bathing-costumes, and the women's smoking coats and caps. The latter are quite pretty enough to be worn without reference to nicotine. Stockings were a study; there were birds on some, beetles on others; snakes even were roped into use for leg-

decoration. These, I imagine, will be more remarked upon than admired, or even worn. There were, of course, very pretty stockings in refined colourings and designs that will appeal to possessors of symmetrical lower limbs. Millinery was a revelation to me. I had never before been to a Trade Exhibition, and feel



THE LATEST FROM PARIS.

Reminiscent of the days of the Second Empire is this dress with its frilly full skirt.—[Photograph by G.P.A.]

that henceforward the coming season can have few surprises for me in dress. There were fruits and flowers in wonderful colourings and out-of-the-way materials. Some I loved and some I loathed; doubtless those that I loathe other women will love—so runs the world of dress around. What most

amazed me was the unlikeness of the models to those I had seen at the mannequin parades in the West End, yet I presume all are in the latest manner of the Mode. It takes a lot of women to make a season go, and it takes a multitude of models to make the women happy! I think had women generally been admitted to this Exhibition they would have enjoyed it very much; I know I did.

The Earl of Cranbrook comes of age this week on the 14th. We have had a number of eligible young men reach manhood recently, including Prince Henry and the Marquess of Worcester. Lord Cranbrook has had nearly a six-years minority, and he is nephew to the Earl of Glasgow, his mother having been Lady Dorothy Boyle. Major-General the Hon. John Gathorne-Hardy, an uncle on his father's side, married the Earl of Derby's only sister, and they have one daughter, who will be a débutante this season, or possibly next, as she will not be seventeen until August. As a rule, however, when there is only one child, she enters Society early, as mothers are keen to have the companionship of only girls. Lord Cranbrook is the great-grandson of the eminent statesman who was first Earl of Cranbrook.

We are not alone in profiting by falling prices for our dress. A friend has her two boys home from Harrow, and asked me to go shopping with them and her. It was rather fun; the boys were full of pranks and so glad that they were to have a new school outfit. They said they had waited for prices to fall, but if they had been made to wait much longer their clothes would have fallen, like the sere and yellow leaf. We went, of course, to Charles Baker and Co. I think most school-boys want their mothers to go to one of these well-known establishments. There is one at 271-4, High Holborn; others at 41-3, Tottenham Court Road; 255, Edgware Road; and 27-33, King Street, Hammersmith, besides branches at Holloway and Croydon, so convenience is secured to customers. Prices are made to conform exactly to the current market, and the outfits are as complete as they are smart, well turned out, and business-like. Boys know they are just right, and so cordially approve of them. As the boy is father of the man, so do the heads of family on the male side see how well Charles Baker and Co. turn out the sons of their houses, and go there themselves. Sometimes it is the father who sends the son, having experienced complete satisfaction himself. Whichever way it is, my women friends all tell me these establishments are really relied on by men and boys. Our special boys were very happy—got all they wanted, and said the bill wouldn't worry daddy too much!—A. E. L.



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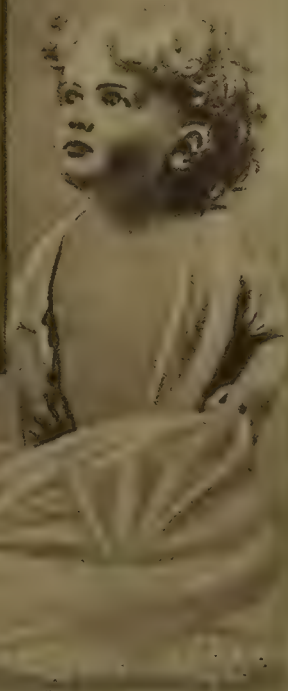
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR SUMMER MIGRANTS.

NOW is the time when our summer birds return—the cuckoo, the swallow, and the host of smaller and less conspicuous birds, like the warblers, wheatears, and wagtails, to name but a few of the legions whose arrival on our shores is so eagerly awaited and recorded. From whence have they come? And why do they leave us with the fall of the leaves?

Our forefathers were not greatly troubled about these matters. They had an answer ready. The cuckoo, they insisted, changed itself into a sparrowhawk for the winter, while the swallows easily evaded the rigours and inclemency of this season by hibernating in the mud beneath the waters of horse-ponds; or, according to other authorities, like their congeners, the martins, and the land-rail, they found protection in the bowels of the earth, where, clustered in masses, for warmth, they awaited the trumpet-call of spring for their resurrection. And there were not wanting faithful witnesses of these events.

they return. For the journey out, no less than the journey back, is full of peril. Speculation on this theme has produced a rich crop of theories, each of which, in its turn, found its supporters. Nevertheless, the riddle is yet unsolved. Careful study, however, may afford us some very valuable clues.

To begin with, all our returning wanderers are indubitably *British* birds. That is to say, they were each and all of them bred and born on British soil, as were their ancestors, for un-numbered thousands of years. The little chaff-chaff one saw yesterday in a Sussex copse was not hatched last year in Saxony. It has returned to breed, not merely to England, or to Sussex, or even to the same village, but to the identical copse in that village. The order of migration moves with machine-like precision. Every bird, on reaching our shores, proceeds at once to its destination. Were it otherwise disaster would result. For precious time would be wasted in hunting for suitable nursery sites, and while some areas would be overstocked, others would be tenantless. Since, then, they show such tenacity of purpose in returning, year after year, to the same spot, to fulfil an unquenchable yearning for a mate, one naturally asks why it is that, the home area proving so attractive, they ever leave it.

A careful survey of the evidence bearing on the rearing of the offspring on the one hand, and on the character of the autumn migratory movements on the other, seems to show that our native birds—and for that matter all migratory birds—are very susceptible to long-sustained extremes of temperature. In the autumn, our home-bred woodcock and thrushes, for example, leave us for more southern retreats, and, as they depart, their places are taken by other woodcock and thrushes, which were bred in regions further north. Each is unable to stand the winter of its birth-place. Each is driven northward to breed because it would be unable to withstand the summer temperature of the winter resort. This much seems clear

from the fact that on sultry days one finds brooding and nestling birds alike displaying every sign of real distress, sometimes bordering on collapse. If, then, an English summer can at times be so trying, how much more so would be the African summer

for our British birds, or our own summer for the birds which come to us for the winter.

But how comes it that these periodic movements have evolved? For it is to be remembered that there are hosts of birds which never migrate, which,



A NEW C.B.E.: MR. EDWARD ERNEST LONG.

Mr. Long, who has been promoted from Officer of the Order of the British Empire to Commander, was in charge of the Eastern Section of the News Department of the Foreign Office for two years. During the war, when he held a commission in the Royal Field Artillery, he was placed in charge of Eastern Propaganda, as Director, and in that capacity, amongst other things, organised a series of pictorial papers, with captions in Oriental tongues—a dozen different languages in all—which produced a very beneficial effect amongst the peoples of various Eastern countries. Before the war Mr. Long was a journalist, having been connected with three daily papers in various parts of the East, two of which he edited; and he has also represented

"The Times" in Northern India.

indeed, could not migrate, such, for example, as hornbills, toucans, and parrots. This touches a very important aspect of this problem of migration and its causes; but I have already reached the limit of my space. I must complete my story, then, on another occasion.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

Publicity is the essence of modern business, and an invaluable guide to the best means of obtaining it is to be found in "The Advertiser's A.B.C.," published by Messrs. T. B. Browne, Ltd., 163, Queen Victoria Street. It is a wonderfully comprehensive volume, containing, among many other useful features, a survey of the overseas market, a complete directory of the home and foreign Press, and expert articles on various forms of advertising. It is very fully illustrated.



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The British Army beat the French Army, by 5 goals to one, in the Association football match on the Garrison Ground at Woolwich on April 7. General Lord Horne, G.O.C., Eastern Command, shook hands with the teams. He is seen towards the left in our photograph, sitting between Generals Sarigny and Vicomte de la Panouse, of the French Army. The match formed part of a triangular tournament, the Belgian Army being the third competitor.—[Photograph by Topical.]

We are wiser to-day. We know that our truants have come back to us from their winter resorts in Africa; some of them from its farthest confines. But what we do not know is why they leave us, and why, having found quarters so much to their liking,

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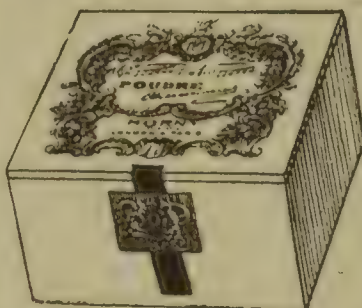
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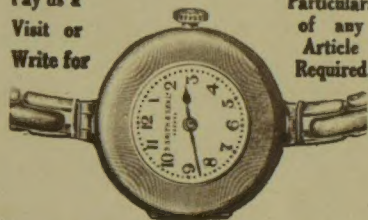
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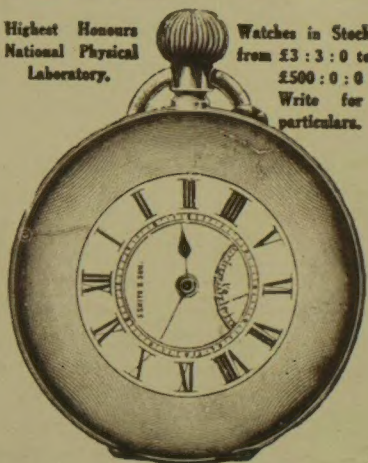


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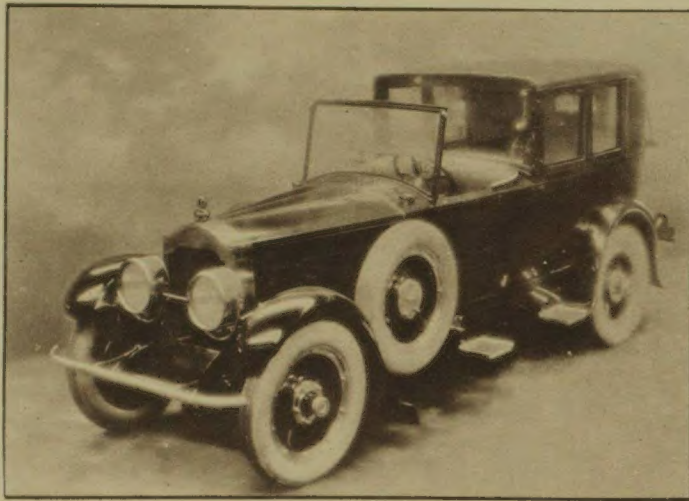
Giving the Buyer a Choice. The Wolseley Company, by introducing the new Wolseley-Stellite, has taken a course which I wonder a number of others in the trade have not taken before. This new car—it is not really new, however—is simply the "ten" shorn of electric engine starter, lighting set, and one or two other items of luxury equipment, which enables it to be sold at a price substantially less than its better-equipped prototype. I have long since expressed the opinion that the engine starter is not an absolutely essential fitting to the car of less than 15-h.p. It is not at all a bad thing to have, of course, but I do not think it is a wise policy on the part of manufacturers, now that cars cost so much more than they did in 1914, to overload their prices by listing as standard fittings such details as starters, which add anything from £50 upwards to the selling price. The light car section of the trade has offended particularly in this direction. Small cars, which sold at £200 before the war, have been elaborated by the addition of totally unnecessary equipment, until their prices have risen above the £500 mark and the market has been restricted to a corresponding extent. It is far better, to my way of thinking, to do as the Wolseley Company has now done, and as has been done by another well-known firm for some time past, and to say: "This is our standard production, and it costs so much. You can, if you prefer, have it in a more luxurious form, fitted with starter and lighting set, and all the rest, but that will cost so much extra." Then the purchaser can decide whether or not it is worth his while to pay for all these extras, but by making the fully-equipped car the standard model the price is often made prohibitive, and loss of sales results. I am very strongly of opinion that all the concerns in the light car section will have to follow the Wolseley lead if they want to keep their share of the business.

An Austin "Ten." A most interesting announcement has been made by the Austin Company to the effect that, now that the "twenty" is in full production, the necessary organisation has been completed for the manufacture on a large scale of a new light model, to be known as the Austin "Ten." I have not yet received details of the new car, but I presume it will follow essentially the lines of the larger model, in which case it ought to be a very satisfactory little car. Before the war, the Austin Company



LONDON TO LAND'S END TRIALS: ONE OF SEVEN 8-H.P. ROVERS WHICH WON SEVEN MEDALS.

made a 10-h.p. car which was one of the best of its rating produced. Numbers of them are still running about the country, doing excellent service; if the new one is at all comparable in quality of material and performance it is safe to predict a lasting success for it.



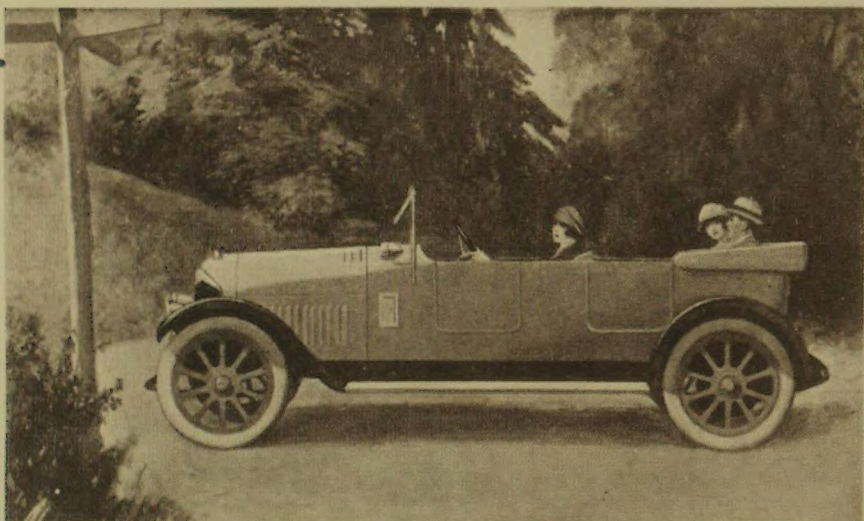
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Trials Conditions. The Motor Cycling Club, which promoted the recent London-Land's End trial and carried it out so successfully, has been rather severely criticised for having restricted the car class to vehicles with a Treasury rating of 12-h.p. It is said that there is only one proper basis, and that is the one of cylinder capacity, and in justification of this point of view it has been pointed out that the conditions barred certain cars with a capacity of 1373 c.c., while admitting others of 1500 c.c., which is the limit capacity of the light car class. I agree with the criticism, but I imagine that the manner of drafting the regulations was due to an oversight on the part of the committee.

Sign-Posting. Now that the Ministry of Transport has taken over the matter of sign-posting the roads, the A.A. is dropping out. It has issued a notification that, as from April 30, the fund which was created for the purpose of erecting and maintaining road signs will be applied to the general expenses of the Association. Members who subscribed to this fund are requested to communicate with the Secretary if they do not approve of this course being taken. I am given to understand that most of the subscribers have already agreed to the proposed application of the moneys in hand. While it is, of course, the business of the authorities to undertake the proper sign-posting of the roads, it is a pity that private enterprise should be dropping out in this way. I doubt very much if we shall get as good service from a Government department as we did from the R.A.C. and the A.A.

W. W.

Toffee, it seems, is a commodity superior to trade depression. It was a striking tribute to the popularity of Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe that when its makers, the well-known Halifax firm of John Mackintosh and Sons, Ltd., recently converted the firm into a public company, their issue of 300,000 Ten per Cent. Preference shares was over-subscribed within forty-eight hours. The Company has good reason to take pride in this gratifying result, as it speaks volumes both for their commercial reputation and for the quality of their famous product. They claim to have the largest factories in the world devoted to the manufacture of toffee, and to have had the largest sale of that sweetmeat during the last quarter of a century. The works are capable of turning out 50,000,000 pieces of toffee, amounting to hundreds of tons, per week. The founder opened a pastrycook's shop in Halifax (Yorkshire) thirty years ago.



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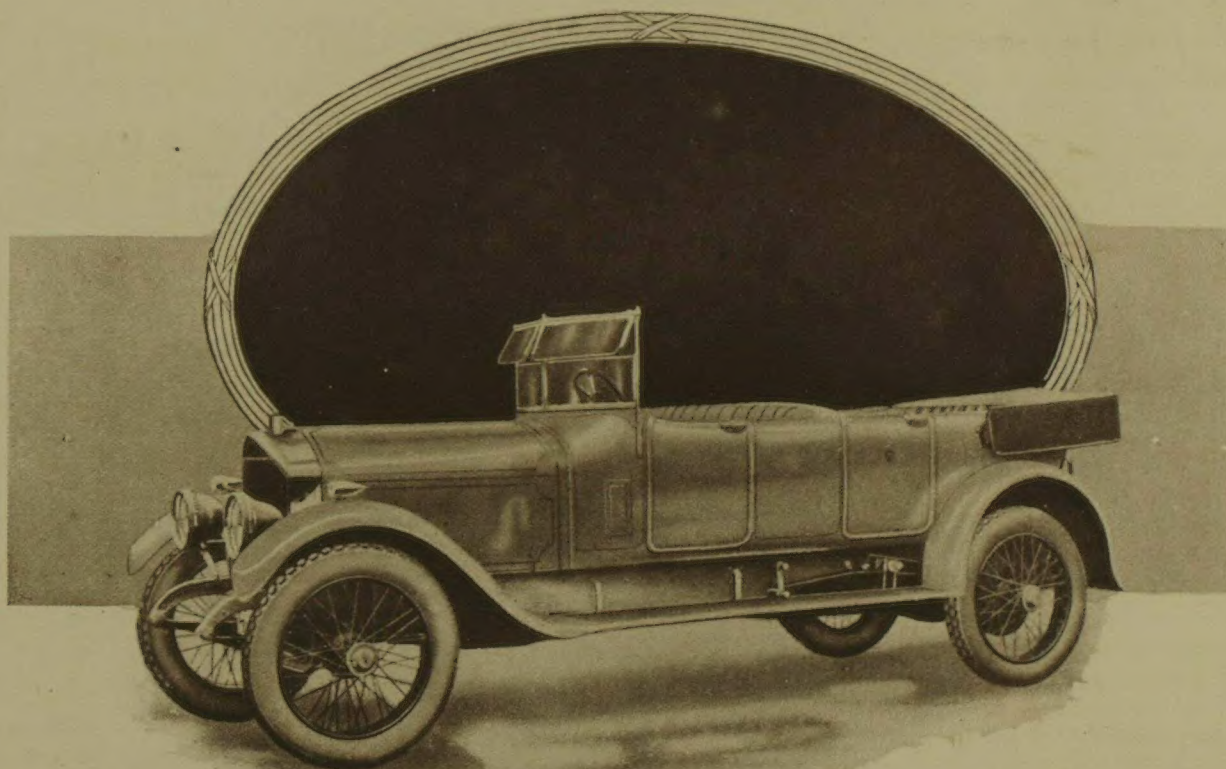
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BULL-DOG DRUMMOND." AT WYNDHAM'S.

"THICK-EAR drama"—Mr. Gerald du Maurier's own description of his latest venture at Wyndham's, "Bull-Dog Drummond"—is a new label, surely, for the melodrama of crime. There are signs that Mr. du Maurier's patrons ask for nothing better than a plunge into such transpontine fiction, and the company displays any amount of earnestness and gusto. The forthright acting of Mr. Gilbert Hare, Mr. Alfred Drayton, and Miss Dorothy Overend in the "crook" rôles, and the breezy performance of M. du Maurier as hero of the adventure, whose spirits seem to rise the more nearly he is submerged by the tide of villainy, are thoroughly enjoyable.

A NEW BILL AT LONDON'S GRAND GUIGNOL.

Five one-act plays and one two-act play provide the new Grand Guignol programme at the Little Theatre. Sewell Collins's "Gasps" affords comic relief from horrors. It contains bright talk, but not much more. Again, "Dead Man's Pool," wherein convict and pursuing warder forget their respective rôles in their British love of sport, is just an amusing trifle happily worked out by its authors, Victor and T. C. Bridges. More notable is Frederick Fenn's and Richard Pryce's "Love Child," a genuine study of low life in which Miss Cicely Oates gives a remarkable picture of silent and uncomplaining misery. "The Chemist," from the French of Max Maurey, is chiefly of account because in the part of a little half-witted slattern who returns a bottle of poison, so saving the chemist from an awful blunder, it allows Miss Sybil Thorndike to exemplify afresh her wonderful versatility. It is hard to conceive that the representative of this sixteen-year-old girl and the actress who portrays different phases of emotion in "The Love Child" and "The Kill" are one and the same person. "The Kill"—in two acts, from the French of Maurice Level—is a tale grisly enough. In this work the thrill comes off—but scarcely in the case of the other "shocker," Lucien Descaves's "Seven Blind Men."

The result of the recent excavations at the Stone-Axe Factory at Graig-lwyd, Penmaenmawr, is probably the finest series of specimens illustrating the manufacture of a stone axe ever found. Anyone interested in prehistoric discoveries should make a point of going to see them when exhibited publicly at the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, from May 23 to 25. Mr. S. Hazzledine Warren, F.G.S., will read the report on the excavations carried out last year at the Royal Anthropological Institute, 50, Great Russell St., on April 19, and a number of specimens will be shown.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

AHMAD MIRZA (Dacca).—We have examined your problem afresh, and find it hardly up to our standard of publication. We shall be glad to receive further specimens of your skill.

H S TOOTH (Cachar).—If Black play 1. K to K 3rd, then 2. Kt to Q 4th (ch), K takes B; 3. Q mates.

P N BAKERJI (Benares).—In your problem, after Black plays 1. R takes Q, there is a triple threat by Kt takes Kt (ch), Kt to Kt 7th (ch), and R to Q 7th (ch); this, of course, is a defect.

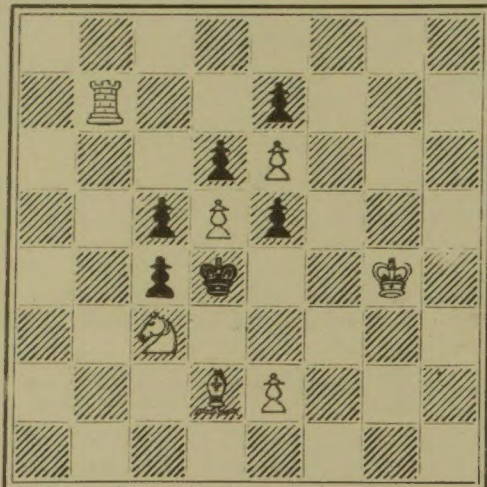
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3855.—By KESHAB D. DR.

WHITE
1. Kt to Q 4th
2. Kt to Q 7th
3. B to K 3rd (mate).

If Black play 1. P to K 3rd, then 2. Kt to Q 7th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3857.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3850 received from Bartlett Wells (Plainfield, U.S.A.); of No. 3852 from E. L. Lovett (Broughton) and Geo. A. Leamard (San Diego, Cal.); of No. 3853 from J. B. Camara (Madeira), M. J. F. Crewell (Tulse Hill), E. J. Gibbs (East Ham), James M. K. Lupton (Richmond), and G. M. Hallen (Bournemouth); of No. 3854 from A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), H. W. Satow (Bangor), H. Grasset Baldwin (Farnham), R. J. Lonsdale (New Brighton), G. de Choiseul (Menton), J. C. Stackhouse (Torquay), James M. K. Lupton, J. T. Palmer (Church), E. J. Gibbs, J. Paul Taylor (Exeter), J. B. Camara (Madeira), Donald Cavey (Jersey), M. J. F. Crewell, J. C. Gemmell (Campbelltown), L. Rylski (Belfast), C. H. Watson (Masham), W. Strangman Hill (Palmerston), Howard O. Eaton (Madison, U.S.A.), R. F. Morris (Sherbrooke, Canada), G. M. Hallen, Rev. Armand Der Meares (Baltimore), Donald Reed (Courtland, U.S.A.), and Henry A. Seller (Denver, U.S.A.); of No. 3855 from J. T. Palmer (Church), James M. K. Lupton (Richmond), C. H. Watson (Masham), G. M. Hallen, J. W. Sefton (Bolton), E. G. B. Barlow (Bournemouth), R. C. Durell, H. Grasset Baldwin (Farnham), P. W. Hunt (Bridgewater), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), H. W. Satow (Bangor), Albert Taylor (Attercliffe), Frank A. Field (Brighton), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Brook Cottage (Snitterfield), R. J. Lonsdale (New Brighton), J. C. Gemmell (Campbelltown), C. A. P. G. Lacy Barritt (Oswestry), and E. J. Gibbs (East Ham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3856 received from Léon Rylski (Belfast), W. J. Adams (Snitterfield), Richard C. Durell, J. C. Stackhouse (Torquay), H. Grasset Baldwin (Farnham), C. H. Watson (Masham), Jas. C. Gemmell (Campbelltown), Herbert Russell (Leicester), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), J. F. Harrison (Manchester), W. R. Kenman (Wellington College), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), R. J. Lonsdale (New Brighton), and Albert Taylor (Attercliffe).

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Mr. R. P. MICHELL and Sir G. A. THOMAS. (Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Sir G. A. T.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Sir G. A. T.)
1. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	17. P to Kt 3rd	B to R 6th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	18. R to K sq	B to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 4th	19. K to R sq	Q to Q end
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 4th	20. P to B 4th	P takes P
		21. P takes P	B to Kt 5th
		22. B to K 2nd	R takes P

The game is now transposed into Queen's Gambit Declined. The text move is probably Black's best defence, as it compels White to move his K P before bringing out his Q B. The sequel shows the danger of doing otherwise.

5. B to Kt 5th B P takes P
6. K Kt takes P

Pillsbury, in a famous game with Lasker, here played Q takes P with no appreciably better results than in the present instance.

6. P to K 4th
7. Kt to B 3rd P to Q 5th
8. Kt to Q 5th Kt to B 3rd
9. P to K 4th

Necessary to stay the advance of Black's K P, but it leaves White with a pierced centre.

9. B to K 2nd
10. B takes Kt B takes B
11. B to Q 3rd Castles
12. Castles B to K 3rd
13. P to Q R 3rd R to B sq
14. P to Q Kt 4th R to K sq
15. Kt to Q 2nd B to Kt 4th
16. Kt to Kt 3rd P to Q Kt 3rd

25. B takes Q
26. R takes B K to B sq
27. Kt takes Q P Kt takes Kt
28. R takes Kt Q to R 6th
29. K R to Q 2nd

A curious oversight, but White could scarcely hope to avert defeat in a longer struggle.
29. Q to B 8th, mate

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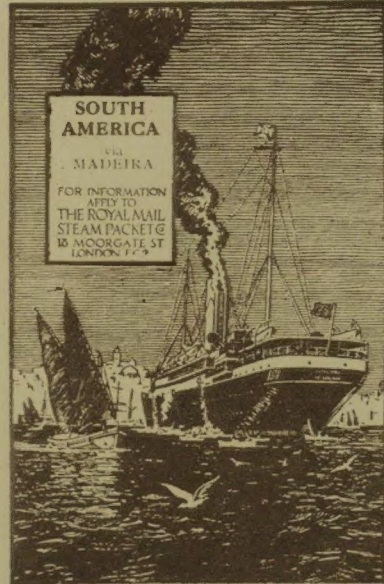
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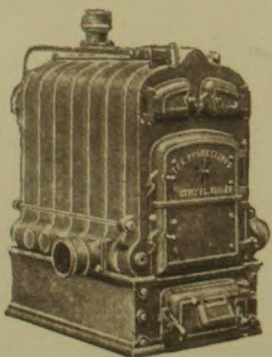
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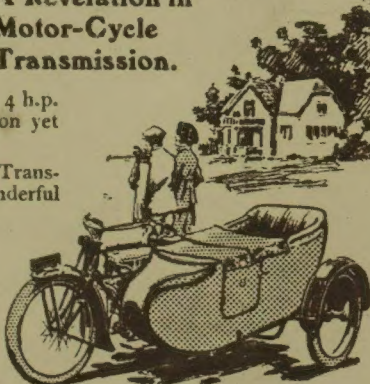
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